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## THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

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### CHAPTER IV.

#### SORROWFUL DISCLOSURES.

"Good morning, Dame Trenchard," said Alice; "I am come to make further acquaintance with you and your cottage, and to know whether I can be of any use in rendering the latter more comfortable."

"God bless you, my dear lady!" replied the good woman. "I am fully grateful for your benevolent intentions."

"Do you live alone?" continued Alice.

"A little grand-daughter is my solace and companion; the last survivor of all my kith and kin."

Having seated herself in a high-back oaken chair, Alice glanced round the room, and was surprised at seeing, instead of that indigence she came prepared to relieve, marks of substantial comfort. The furniture was old, but in trim condition. A rough wooden time-piece stood on the mantel-shelf, over which hung divers specimens of foreign gewgaws, Indian cups of various fashions, and other baubles of the like description, all arranged with studied order.

"You have many pretty things here," said Alice.

"Ah," replied Mrs. Trenchard, with a sigh, "they are treasured remembrances of days passed by."

"Have you lived any length of years in these parts?"

"I was born in this parish, and have spun out my long life almost entirely within its boundaries."

"And what have been your employments? how did you pass your youth?" said Alice.

"My youth, dear lady, as well as my after-life, was shadowed with many troubles, the narration of which would scarcely suit the ear of one so young and happy."

"Say not so, my good woman," continued Alice; "I will listen with pleasure to anything you have to tell me. I love to hear of past times, let

their complexion be grave or gay ; so begin, and make me acquainted with your childhood, and what occurred to disturb its merry course."

"The first circumstance that made an impression upon my girlish days was the consternation occasioned by the destruction of St. Andrew's Priory, a rich and flourishing monastery, not far from this. It spread desolation from one end of the parish to the other. The people could hardly believe in the truth of their senses when they saw the beautiful building torn down before their eyes, and the good men who lived there in peace turned adrift. To the poor man it was the greatest calamity under heaven. The aged, the blind, and the cripple, who had found comfort in the assurance of a daily meal at the gate of the monastery, were now left friendless, unpitied, to starve and die in the hedgeways, or to wander about with haggard looks, cursing, in their despair, the royal author\* of so much misery ; and, though many a long year has passed since that disastrous event, and I was a child at the time, it nevertheless returns as vividly to my mind as if it had been the work of yesterday."

"But these starving poor," said Alice ; "did not the gentry of those days come forwards and relieve them ?"

"They did so, and rendered all the assistance that laid in their power ; but it fell very short of the demands required for so many. All those, also, who were employed on the domains of the Priory were thrown out of work, and many driven, through destitution, to evil practices and the roads. The lives of travellers were no longer safe ; desperate men, urged on by starvation, waylaid and robbed them."

"Who lived at Tregona in those sad days ?" inquired the young listener.

"Sir Ralph Trevillers ; one of the best men who ever breathed, but whose Christian spirit had taught to drink with resignation the cup of sorrow to the very dregs."

"And what could occasion a call for such painful submission on the part of a man of his condition ?"

"Oh ! my dear lady, you are young, and know little of what men may be subjected to for conscience sake. It was the destiny of this ill-fated gentleman to see a much-loved relative, the Prior of the Charter House, conveyed to the Tower ; and finally, to behold him yield up a life of self-denial and charity, on the gallows at Tyburn !" Here, the good woman paused a moment, and her saddened countenance bespoke the feelings of her heart.

"But," said Alice, much interested at her story, "was there no exertions made to avert his dreadful doom ?"

"Such endeavours would have proved fruitless ; everything concerning him was viewed in an unfavorable light, though a more loyal man did not exist."

"How happy I feel," said Alice, "that such fearful times should be over."

\* Henry VIII.

Dame Trenchard shook her head mournfully, but said nothing. The significant gesture did not escape the eye of Alice, and the strong words she had overheard in the study rushed to her mind.

"Did your father live in the service of Sir Ralph Trevillers?"

"He did so, and filled at the time above referred to the situation of household steward, whilst I had the care of his young daughters. I remember well the period when my dear master returned from attending the last moments of his attached relative. He was no longer the same man. Silent, and absent—all pleasures seemed indifferent to him. He would try sometimes and shake off his apathy by the occupation of building almshouses, and seeing after the poor in every possible way, on his extensive estates; but his health and spirits were gone!"

"Had he a wife at that time?" said Alice, with feelings of pity.

"No, he had not. Her angel-spirit had already fled to another world a few months previous, leaving behind her two sons and two daughters, for whom my poor master seemed alone to live. The times continuing, however, to press heavily on his domestic arrangements, he abandoned Tregona, and expatriated himself from his country for ever. Since those days, his son, Sir Algernon Trevillers, has occasionally visited his domain, but not to make any length of stay."

"And is the present Sir Algernon Trevillers like his late father?"

"Yes, my dear lady; so like, that when I first saw him after he had grown to manhood, I could scarcely persuade myself it was not my late master standing before me. The same voice, the same countenance, and above all, the same goodness and consideration for everyone. Years have continued to roll on, and Sir Algernon is himself the father of an only child."

"What made him part with his paternal estate?"

"That is not in my power to say. Various reasons are assigned for it; but whatever they may be, Sir Algernon is fortunate in having transferred the loved home of his ancestors into such worthy hands as those of Mr. Marsdale."

Alice was silent. She perceived that the good woman knew nothing of the pending lawsuit, which her father had commenced against Sir Algernon, and felt unwilling and ashamed to allude to the subject. She had listened with so much interest to all Dame Trenchard had been saying, that she had forgotten the length of time that had elapsed since she started on her expedition to the cottage, and knowing that her brother wished to leave that same day, and that she might miss seeing him, she took a hasty leave, and hurried homewards. She had not proceeded far when she perceived her father approaching. He was walking slowly, and appeared lost in thought. When suddenly perceiving his daughter, his countenance brightened up with pleasure.

"Where have you been, dear Alice?" said he. "I have not seen you since the morning."

"You were so engaged," replied Alice, "with Humphrey and his learned colleague, that I felt sure you would not perceive my absence."

"What! not miss my pretty Alice, when she has kept out of my sight half the day. I came here purposely to seek her."

"I have been paying Dame Trenchard a long visit."

"I believe she is a good sort of woman," said Mr. Marsdale; "I find she is much respected in the parish: but what detained you so long?"

"We had a good deal of interesting conversation respecting the Trevillers family."

"Whose family?" said her father.

"That of the good Sir Algernon Trevillers." A momentary pause ensued, when Mr. Marsdale turning towards his daughter, requested her attention to what he was about to say; and then asked her whether she had forgotten what Mr. Justice Sandford had said, respecting this strange family.

"There must be something very much amiss," continued he. "to induce people to shut themselves up, and shun the society of their well-wishing neighbours. Indeed, I fear for more reasons than one, that Sir Algernon Trevillers is not the man that I could wish to associate with, therefore, the less said about him the better."

Alice, who had proposed to herself the pleasure of relating all she had heard from Dame Trenchard, was greatly disappointed at this unexpected injunction, and could not refrain from boldly asserting, that she was confident Sir Algernon was a good man, notwithstanding he was pertinacious on the subject of the disputed piece of land.

Mr. Marsdale made no answer, but walked on thoughtfully.

"Where is Humphrey?" said Alice, by way of changing the theme.

"Your brother has already left us, but will return again shortly. He is anxious to see this awkward law business terminated, and will remain in London till it comes before the courts."

"I think," said Alice, "he might have waited to wish me farewell."

"You have already forgotten that you took yourself away out of the reach of us all for the greater part of the day. But dear Alice," continued her father with a smile, "you are a little severe on your brother Humphrey; I have remarked this several times; you should consider with what laudable zeal he exerts himself, and with what perfect disinterestedness he debars himself of every domestic pleasure, when his duty calls him away. I doubt whether I could give as good a reason for the absence of your elder brother."

"Oh! dear father," replied Alice, warmly, "I hope you do not think Gerald in any way unmindful of your kindness, or of your social comfort; his letters breathe every right and duteous feeling towards you, and good wishes for us all."

"Well, well," said Mr. Marsdale. "I have no doubt they do; but that is no reason why a father should not wish to see more visible proofs of this filial devotion. Why does he absent himself for so long a time from us all?"

"He will certainly return before winter—he has almost promised to do so, and I am confident he will not break his word."

Alice continued to plead in favour of her elder brother when they reached home; and retiring to her own apartment, collected her scattered thoughts of the day, and despatched them in a long epistle to Gerald Marsdale.

## CHAPTER V.

### ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

At an open casement, gazing in thoughtful mood at the far-distant landscape, stood a middle-aged man of tall and noble bearing; and though his brow betrayed something of an unbending spirit, it was tempered by a calmness of expression, which seemed to mark resignation, as well as firmness of character.

Attired in a black velvet doublet, with sword and belt, according to the fashion of the day, we here introduce to our readers the late proprietor of Tregona, Sir Algernon Trevillers.

"Do you see anything approaching?" said a beautiful girl, rising and nearing the window.

"No Urcella, nothing. I was only watching yonder curling smoke, winding up the valley, till it lost itself in the wide expanse. I was likening it to the idle boast of man, and the nothingness to which all worldly pursuits tend."

"True, dear father; even yon little vapour teaches us a lesson. But at this moment my mind is so engrossed with the happy thoughts of seeing my uncle arrive at the Priory, that I can think of nothing else."

"Alas! dear child," replied Sir Algernon; "I wish I could feel the same satisfaction. My happiness in seeing your uncle, is so completely overbalanced by the dread and anxiety that must accompany the pleasure, that it becomes almost a matter of pain to me to think about it. Indeed, I have done all I could to dissuade him from making so perilous a visit. But such is his zeal to serve us, and that in a manner of all others the most important, that no dangers for himself would stand in the way of his doing so."

"Will he reside with us?" inquired Urcella.

"That we shall arrange later. You know my wishes—discretion and silence."

"Do not fear, dear father. Your wishes are commands for me. My sole happiness has ever been in learning to give you pleasure; and in this matter the duty is imperative."

"Well said Urcella; I see I can safely rely on my dear girl," replied Sir Algernon, affectionately embracing his daughter; "Amidst all the misfortunes of my house, I know how to prize the few blessings left me, and you, Urcella, are not amongst the least."

Sir Algernon being at this moment called away on business, Urcella again resumed her seat ; and taking up her embroidery (the peculiar design of which denoted its use for the church), she commenced busying herself with its entangled threads with patient earnestness.

Whilst thus engaged, we will say a few words respecting this beauteous damsel and the members of her family.

Urcella was the only child of Sir Algernon Trevillers. Her features were cast in nature's fairest mould. Her mother, who was an Italian, died at her birth, an event which proved a source of the deepest and most lasting grief to her father. Educated abroad, she united the fascination of the foreigner with the solidity of the British character. To her father her devotion was extreme : no trouble or exertion was too great to afford him a moment's pleasure, and call back that cheerful smile which the misfortunes of his house had all but banished. With Sir Algernon resided also an only surviving sister, Mistress Anne Trevillers, a gentlewoman of a sweet placid disposition, and to whom he was much attached.

Sir Algernon had resided chiefly abroad. His adherence to the ancient creed of his country, had induced him to follow his father's example, and expatriate himself from its shores, to escape the pressure of the penal laws, and that distrust and suspicion which fell upon those who did not choose to conform to the new order of things. In the mean time his large estates in Cornwall were neglected and fell into decay, making him desirous of parting with them ; which sale he at length effected, (though at a considerable loss) to Mr. Marsdale.

The long absence of Sir Algernon from Tregona had made him almost a stranger in his native land ; his father's people were dispersed, many dead and gone, and those few who remained to welcome him home, were destined to see their happy prospects turned into disappointment, by witnessing the old family place pass into the hands of strangers.

We will now return to Urcella, who had suddenly laid aside her embroidery to watch from the casement the movements of her father. He appeared to be reading with much attention a letter to his sister, Mistress Anne Trevillers, both having stopped on their way across the terrace for the purpose.

"What can have occurred to engage my father's attention so deeply ?" thought Urcella ; "can it refer to the coming of my uncle Francis, or is it some fresh vexation from the Marsdale family ?" In the midst of these conjectures, Sir Algernon entered.

"I will follow your advice, my good sister," said he, addressing himself to Mistress Anne ; "I will use no unnecessary harshness, but I must be firm, or I may have cause to rue it." Upon saying which, he seated himself at a table and commenced writing.

Urcella looked enquiringly at her aunt, who, taking her aside, informed her that her father had received a letter from her cousin Geoffry, requesting to be again admitted as an inmate of the house. "But do not alarm yourself," added Mistress Trevillers, smiling, "we have decided against it."

"Thank heaven!" said Ursella in a low tone, "how could he venture to make such a request?"

Before Sir Algernon closed his letter, he read its contents aloud, which ran as follows—

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—For such I hope still to call you, notwithstanding the unaccountable way you have attempted to forfeit all claims to my affection—Your communication of this morning has both surprised and pained me. It is now nearly three years since you were a member of my household, and after the strong reasons that made it necessary for us to part, I marvel not a little that you should ask to be allowed to return again. When your lamented mother, in her last moments, intrusted you to my care, I took you to my home, treated you with the affection of a father, and did my utmost to instil into your mind those principles of virtue and honour necessary for your own happiness and that of others. How my exertions were responded to, we both know too well. But of this enough. You tell me you are reformed in your conduct, and have become a changed man. God grant this may be true; but I must have proof of it, substantial proof, before I again run the risk of admitting you once more under my roof. Your pursuits, amusements, opinions, differ in every way from those of myself and family. We have nothing in common, and now that I understand we differ also in creed, it is better that we should live apart. You say in a postscript to your letter, that your exchequer is exhausted, and that you hope I will compassionate it. I will not reproach you for this flippant way of asking for money, but I will enquire what you have done with the ample supply secured for your use by the testament of your father, which was considerably more than your circumstances needed? Where is this gone to? I have enclosed a small sum for any urgent demand; but remember, this is the last time I can give ear to a pecuniary request of this kind. If it is repeated, you will oblige me to tell you in plain terms, that I have neither the means nor the inclination to encourage habits which lead to extravagance and ruin. Distressed as I have been at the course of life you have hitherto pursued, still I will not be blinded to any amendment that may show itself in your future conduct.

"Your poor mother's memory is too dear to me not to feel an interest in the welfare of her son, and to hope that having arrived at a mature age, he may feel the impropriety of his conduct, and endeavour to give proof of the same, by following those paths of virtue and honour which shed so bright a lustre on the brief days of his lamented parents.

"ALGERNON TREVILLERS."

After perusing the foregoing letter, the reader need scarcely be told that the young man to whom it was addressed, had been left to the guardianship of his uncle, Sir Algernon Trevillers; that he had repaid his care and kindness by the utmost ingratitude, launching forth into all the folly and extravagances that could be met with both abroad and in his own country; and having wasted his patrimony, was now appealing to his late guardian for assistance.

"What can he have done with his money?" said Mistress Anne Trevillers.

"Done with it? lost it at the gaming table," replied Sir Algernon bitterly. "His propensity to that dangerous pursuit has always betrayed itself. Let us speak of him no more. I trust I have done with him for ever." As he was uttering these words a domestic entered, saying that the minister of the parish requested an interview. Sir Algernon, whose mind had been somewhat ruffled by the receipt of his nephew's letter, felt disinclined at the moment to receive the advances of one whom he felt assured could have little sympathy with him in any way; but at the request of his sister, Mistress Anne, who said he was held in high esteem by all those who knew him, he was desired to be shown in.

"Allow me to apologise," said Mr. Treverbyn, bowing respectfully, "for not having sooner paid my devoirs at the Priory. The very urgent duties that call me daily amongst the poor of this extensive parish will, I hope, plead my excuses for this apparent neglect on my part."

"Certainly, sir," said Sir Algernon, coldly, "pray be seated."

Mr. Treverbyn was not surprised at the chilling welcome he received; he attributed it to his intimacy with those who were carrying on a vexatious suit against him, and turned the conversation upon the picturesque beauties of the Cornish coast. In doing so, he made allusion to a grove on the Tregona estate, which was then cutting down to open the prospect.

"So those poor old oaks are doomed to fall," said Sir Algernon, with an expression of regret.

"Yes, they are. Young Mr. Humphrey Marsdale, who is considered to possess much knowledge of the beauties of landscape scenery, has recommended their removal."

"Is this young Humphrey the eldest son?" inquired Sir Algernon.

"No, he is not. The eldest is named Gerald; he is travelling at this moment in foreign parts, but is expected back soon; he is a young man of the most upright and generous disposition, but somewhat reserved, which contrasts with the stirring energies of his younger brother, who is thought to possess considerable abilities, and consequently is permitted to influence his father in his affairs."

"Is this young man much at home?" inquired Mistress Anne Trevillers. "Occasionally only; he is well skilled in the law, and has much to do in that line."

"Does Mistress Alice Marsdale like the country?" said Urcella, who, for the first time, ventured to address a question.

"Mistress Alice likes the country, and the country likes her," said Mr. Treverbyn. "She is kind and amiable to every one."

"But," continued Sir Algernon, returning to the former subject respecting the sons of Mr. Marsdale, "does this young Humphrey conduct his father's private affairs himself?"

"He does so, and is considered fully competent for the undertaking."

"Then, I presume, it is to him that I am indebted for more than one not very courteous communication," said Sir Algernon.

"I may be mistaken," replied Mr. Treverbyn, fearing he had said too much. "I believe there is a certain Mr. Grills who occasionally assists him in his law business."

"Might I enquire," said Mistress Anne Trevillers, "whether the old building at the east end of the Hall is still standing?"

"It remains in the same state as when Mr. Marsdale bought the property, and I trust it may not be removed, as it has much beauty in its architecture, and appears to have been originally a place of worship. Mr. Humphrey has, however, suggested to his father the turning it into a Tennis-court. (Sir Algernon bit his lip, but said nothing.) "I trust," continued the minister, "that he may change his mind. We have seen a little too much of these kind of lay appropriations of ecclesiastical structures of late years; no good can come of it."

"I am glad to see that we coincide on this point," replied Sir Algernon, "as I thought the frequent sight of so many consecrated buildings, some in ruins, others converted into secular purposes, had made men indifferent to these matters."

"You would greatly misjudge my feelings," said Mr. Treverbyn, "if for a moment you imagined that I was callous to the works of destruction that have taken place in this country. I deeply deplore such proceedings; and though I am a minister of the Reformed English Church, I hope I am not unmindful of the good belonging to that we have laid aside. I sincerely regret the downfall of so many of its estimable institutions, and frequently lament the mistaken policy of strengthening our position by such unwarrantable means."

"Well said; and may God bless your charity, dear sir," replied Sir Algernon, rising and offering his hand. "It does one's heart good to hear such sentiments from a quarter whence different opinions might naturally be expected to emanate. I hope we may become better acquainted with one another in future."

"I hope we may," rejoined Mr. Treverbyn, surprised and touched at the warmth of Sir Algernon's manner. "I am fully sensible of the favour you do me, and I trust that we may not only become better acquainted, but that I may continue to deserve your esteemed approval."

On retiring from the Priory, Mr. Treverbyn could not refrain from running over in his mind all that had passed. The insinuations thrown out on a former occasion concerning the proprietor by Mr. Sandford, had only made him the more desirous of seeking his acquaintance, that he might himself be able to form his own opinions, and approve or disapprove according to circumstances. One thing had certainly struck him forcibly, and that was the change that a few sincere expressions of his own had wrought in the entire demeanour of Sir Algernon; they appeared quite to change his character. What if he should actually be one of the proscribed members of the Old Faith?—Such a thing is possible, but not very probable, thought the minister. For the rest he was pleased with his visit. There was something in Sir Algernon's dignified deportment that commanded respect; whilst it was impossible not to admire his handsome, though

melancholy cast of countenance, which, when lit up by a smile, seemed to bespeak every noble quality. In fine, he was altogether more gratified than otherwise with his first approach towards the inmates of the Priory.

Some little time had now rolled away since the estate of Tregona had passed into the hands of Mr. Marsdale, and he still considered that he had every reason to congratulate himself upon his purchase; for, with the exception of the dispute about the spot of ground (which of itself was a mere trifle, and one which he was in daily expectation of hearing settled one way or the other) he was considerably gratified with the advantages and increasing beauties of his new domain. It was here in this picturesque retreat that he hoped to pass the remainder of his days, in the enjoyment of better health, and that peace and quiet so congenial with his natural inclinations.

Mr. Marsdale was a man of simple habits, and of a kind-hearted, amiable disposition. The only defect that shadowed his blameless life was the blind partiality he entertained for his son Humphrey, whose abilities, whilst they called forth his admiration, often induced him to drop into views, and follow advice, which, had he consulted his own feelings, he might, have rejected instead of approved. His gentle daughter Alice was his constant companion. His affection for her was unbounded, and she returned his love by the most endearing and kind attentions.

Mr. Treverbyn was also a frequent guest at Tregona, where his never-failing affability had won for him the respect and esteem of Mr. Marsdale. Thus, in the full enjoyment of the tranquil pursuits of a country life, did the time pass on, till the intelligence reached Tregona of the termination and loss of the pending suit. This information somewhat disturbed the harmony that had previously prevailed; not that Mr. Marsdale was either much grieved or much surprised at his defeat, for Master Merris had frequently predicted the probable result; but he was considerably annoyed at the bitter disappointment it had given to Humphrey, who, after his boasted assurances of triumph, felt not a little mortified at the turn the affair had taken, and gave vent to his vexation by throwing unfair charges against his adversary. His communications to his father complained of treachery, and of having been charged with wilful misstatements; that this ungenerous line of conduct had been traced to Sir Algernon himself, who had also kept him in the dark upon certain points of which he ought to have been made cognizant. In fine, his displeasure was such that he was led to throw out an insinuation, that he had every reason to believe it was in his power to bring forward a series of charges against Sir Algernon which would make him rue the day on which he had first heard the name of Marsdale.

Such were the sentiments contained in Humphrey's letters, and in the same spirit of indignation were they received and fostered by his indulgent parent. To imagine for a moment that his son should have been guilty of mistaking facts was impossible; his veracity had never been questioned. Mr. Marsdale was therefore imbued with the certainty that he had been unfairly dealt with; and, under that impression, he made up his mind to afford his son every assistance that lay in his power, either at the present

moment or at any future one, to bring forward the charges hinted at, and which, if proved, would enable the world to judge of the kind of man his son had had to deal with.

Master Merris, who was well acquainted with the warm temperament of his ci-devant pupil, left him to cool at leisure; but at the same time, used every means in his power to soften those feelings of asperity towards Sir Algernon, which Mr. Marsdale had imbibed from the above forcible appeals of his discomfited son, and this he at length succeeded in doing, by the assurance that it was not unnatural for a young man under the sting of disappointment, to look with suspicion on the means adopted by his adversary in proving his case. But that any unfair advantage should have been taken against him, was most improbable; indeed, Humphrey would himself discover his error sooner or later.

In this strain did he soothe the indignation of the fond parent, and establish a lull, which after a little time, had every appearance of becoming permanent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A GOVERNMENT DESIGN ;

OR, A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

AFTER struggling with the vicissitudes of a journalistic life in this country, until he was becoming grey in the newspaper service, my esteemed friend, Andy McShane, at length attained the summit of his ambitious hopes in a correspondentship in London, together with an appointment on one of the daily papers in that metropolis. Many were the troubles and difficulties he had to contend with in the first instance, but he soon surmounted them, and he became in time an accredited and valued representative of the journal to which he belonged. He commenced his London career in a police court—no insinuation is here intended—I mean as a reporter, whence he went through the various gradations which characterize that very eccentric and responsible occupation, until he succeeded in entering Parliament—not as a member, if you please, but still in his professional capacity. His duties were heavy, his pay was light, and he was therefore too happy to continue writing his bi-weekly letter to the Dublin paper with which he was associated, in order to eke out his precarious income. It was once said to the writer of this little sketch by the celebrated French author, Jules Janin, that he had written the weekly *feuilleton* for the *Journal des Debats* one-and-twenty years without once failing (*“sans manquer une fois”*) and in a corresponding degree it may be stated of Andy McShane, that he had supplied a letter twice a week to the *“Dublin Denunciator,”* without once disappointing the conductors or readers of that highly influential and widely-circulated journal. But, to his shame, or perhaps rather to the credit of his modesty, be it said, he sometimes failed to publish incidents and events in which he himself had played a conspicuous part, and which ought to have “found their way” into the

*Denunciator*, and thence into every other paper in this news-devouring kingdom. I am reminded of this condemnatory fact, by the recollection that the following piece of Andy's London experience would have been buried in oblivion, had he not chanced to detail the circumstances to me at the time they occurred; and I shall not, at this distant date, be accused of compromising his position by relating them, especially as he has since gone the way of all flesh. Poor fellow! he became a responsible member of a company established for sanitary purposes, and fell a victim to an unhealthy climate, which he had been compelled to visit in the discharge of his duty. But fortunately for his respected memory, my own memory is good, and hence I am enabled to give this little narrative with as much minuteness as if I were detailing my personal experience.

It was during the time of the Crimean War, when all the English and Irish papers were teeming with exciting and interesting disclosures, and when the government was naturally on the *qui vive* to avoid letting our continental neighbours know the secrets of its movements. But the principle which applies to the nature and desirability of "forbidden fruit," is also applicable to governmental doings which are intended to be "enveloped in mystery" (as my friend Andy would have said during his dominion at the London police court) and hence the gentlemen of the "fourth estate" were ever anxious to obtain information, such as they could turn to account in proportion to its "exclusiveness," and to the studied reserve of those who possessed it. The knowledge of a popular move on the political chess-board had many a time put more guineas into the pocket of a newspaper writer, than he could have gained in a succession of weeks through the ordinary channels, and it is hardly to be supposed that Andy McShane, astute diplomatist as he was, could be either too proud or too wanting in courage to enter the arena, where others had already distinguished themselves. For, let it be understood that your newspaper proprietors have no reason to care how information is obtained, or whence it comes, provided they get it; and, if "exclusively," a thousand times the better, both for them and for him who supplies it. Andy was dining one day at a restaurant not very far from Charing Cross, and was meditating whether his limited exchequer would admit of his indulging in the luxury of a glass of wine, (beer being his usual beverage,) when his friend Captain Scupper, who was then actively employed in connection with the Admiralty, entered the room according to custom, and invited Andy to partake of a bottle of port with him, a liberty which the latter would not, upon any account, have taken with Captain Scupper; but nevertheless, he forgave it, and graciously accepted the offer. The bottle was scarcely uncorked ere the gallant and generous captain opened a conversation upon the state of affairs in the Crimea, and observed that he supposed a bit of well-authenticated news from the seat of war, or on any subject connected with the war, would be invaluable to a newspaper at the present moment.

"Indeed it would," replied Andy, hoping and thinking that the captain's remark was preliminary to something in the shape of intelligence, which he intended to convey, "and the proprietors of the leading journals

don't mind what they pay for it, provided they receive it from reliable authority."

"Well," said Captain Scupper, "I have just come from the Lords of the Admiralty, and if you will call for pen, ink, and paper, I will dictate to you a piece of news which has this moment been communicated to me, and which, I should think, will produce a very acceptable sum of money."

"A thousand thanks, my dear captain," cried Andy, "but how shall I repay you for your trouble and kindness?"

"Hang your payment!" said Captain Scupper, "I don't *sell* such things, I *give* them, and this is quite at your service, but you must not say from whom you received it."

"Trust to my honour and discretion," replied Andy; and Captain Scupper immediately related to him the fact that the government had, on that day, chartered from the ——— company a number of steamboats to proceed direct to the Black Sea on a secret mission connected with the war, and that the vessels were to be manned under circumstances of a very formidable character, etc. I do not pretend to recollect the exact terms of the communication, but it will be sufficient for me to say that the information thus given to Andy McShane, involved some direct disclosure of a proceeding on the part of the British government, and he accordingly committed it to paper with the greatest eagerness and anxiety.

"Now take that round to all the papers," said the good-natured captain, "and I'll warrant you will return with a purse full of money and your reputation in the ascendant."

Andy did not anticipate quite such desirable results as the captain predicted, but his acknowledgments were not the less warmly expressed, and he suggested that the best course for him to adopt would be to offer the "paragraph" to the *Times* exclusively, as it was possible he might get more for it by that means than if he allowed *all* the daily papers to make use of it.

Captain Scupper observed that McShane had only to pursue that course which he thought most profitable to himself, and he should be perfectly satisfied, but again he reminded him of the absolute necessity for keeping the "authority" a profound secret.

Andy then proceeded on his mission, direct to that gloomy and almost inaccessible corner, east of Temple Bar, where the most gigantic doings of the newspaper press are performed daily, and whence the most valuable news is disseminated through all parts of the globe, with as much precision and regularity as if the establishment were in the very centre of the two hemispheres, instead of being so remote and inconvenient, that advertisers (whose name is legion at the said office every hour in the day,) often jeopardize their prospects in finding it. Many extraordinary discoveries have been made since the days of civilization began, and not the least remarkable must that discovery be to the traveller who seeks the *Times* Newspaper Office for the first time! To thread the Maze at Hampton Court, is an agreeable and even easy pastime, compared to the task of threading the mazes of lanes and alleys which lead to that wonderful emporium of intellectual and commercial worth, situated in Printing-house Square. But, sug-

gestive as the theme is, it must not tempt me into a digression. To Andy Mc Shane the route to the *Times* office was easy enough, and the moment he arrived there, he despatched a note to the editor, saying that he was in possession of an important piece of government information, (which he communicated to him in the strictest confidence, fully assured that he would return it to him in the same spirit if he did not use it), and that it was at his *exclusive* service, for a consideration, should he feel disposed to accept it. He did not desire an interview with the editor; but merely solicited the favour of his decision; and this promptly reached him in the shape of a negative, accompanied by a formal expression of thanks. Surprised and disappointed as he was, Andy was nothing daunted, for he felt certain he should be otherwise treated at the — office, where he was better known and appreciated. Thither he proceeded forthwith; and having made his terms for the publication of the intelligence, it was accepted with thanks, and appeared in conspicuous type, in the — on the following morning.

The paragraph was amongst the topics of conversation for the day; but other matters of equal moment soon presented themselves, and Andy McShane thought no more of the government or of government news than he thought of the wars between the Medes and Persians, or of the state of Rome under the rule of the Cæsars. The information he had conveyed to the — having been paid for, he dismissed it entirely from his mind, and wisely turned his attention from the past to the present, an operation in human laws which is well understood by newspaper writers, who, whatever their achievements may be, seldom, if ever, "think on what they've done," beyond the immediate moment. Each succeeding day brings forth some fresh topic wherewith their minds are occupied, and the sayings and doings of yesterday are entirely banished by the work which is cut out for the morrow.

Some few days had elapsed since the little occurrence I have recorded, when the amiable partner of Andy's joys and sorrows hastily entered the room where, as usual, he was deciphering hieroglyphics for the forthcoming paper, and presented to him with trepidation, a letter of most alarming dimensions, bearing a seal as large as a crown-piece, and the ominous inscription, "On Her Majesty's Service."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Andy, with very natural curiosity, "what can this be about? I hope it's nothing serious."

"Serious!" said Andy, minutely examining the address, to see if any mistake had occurred, but *not* adopting the only infallible means of satisfying all doubts, by opening the letter, "serious! what can any body on her Majesty's service have to say to me of a *serious* nature? But—well, it certainly is strange, the seal is that of the Commissioners of Police. What can they have to do with me?" By this time Andy was tempted to undergo the task, not of breaking the seal, but of cutting the paper which surrounded it; and while this operation was going on, poor innocent Mrs. Andy, all pale and trembling at her husband's side, was fain to say, "Police! good heavens! Andy—what have you been doing to get into the hands of the police? They are not going to take you up, dear—are they?"

it never for a moment occurring to her unsophisticated mind that when the police are bent upon making a person prisoner, it is not exactly their custom to give previous notice of such intention. But Andy at last mastered the contents of the letter, which briefly expressed a wish on behalf of her Majesty's Commissioners of Police, that Mr. McShane should appear before them at Whitehall, with as little delay as possible.

The perusal of this document by no means pacified the disturbed senses of Mrs. McShane, who saw in it nothing but visions of the jail and punishment of guilt; but Andy, on the contrary, was greatly inclined to the belief that the letter boded him good; for he knew he had not transgressed the law, and he had long been endeavouring to secure an appointment under government through the influence of a friend, who, having assisted the then Home Secretary over a five-barred gate while hunting in South Wales, was rewarded by a clerkship in the very office to which our friend had been summoned.

"I shouldn't be surprised," quoth Andy, "if they are going to offer me an appointment. I know there is a vacancy in the office."

This suggestion found some favour in the eyes of his wife, who, however, immediately started a discussion as to the pros and cons of a change in their position.

"We are very well as we are," said the lady; "and we might go farther and speed worse."

"In any case," sagaciously observed the expectant though almost bewildered husband, "I must go before the commissioners, and that immediately, be the result whatever it may." So saying he hastily donned his hat, and in an instant was in the street.

"Andy," exclaimed his anxious wife, as he proceeded on his way to the grim quarters of the police authorities, "what shall I do if they send you to prison?"

"Prison!" replied Andy, smiling, "there's no fear of that; I never was intended for a jail-bird; though I have not many feathers to fly with. Look to the better side of the picture, and fancy your fortune is made."

In a brief space of time he was under the same roof as the all-important functionaries who desired his presence, and with whom Mrs. Andy could not associate aught that was otherwise than productive of mischief. Having sent in his card to the commissioners, he was immediately ushered by some four or five policemen before the chief of the department, who was seated at a table which so completely hemmed him in from the outer side of the room, that it would have been impossible to reach him without resorting to some gymnastic contrivance which would not very well become so awe-striking a place. Andy felt, of course, somewhat nervous and agitated at finding himself in the presence of so much magisterial dignity; but the Commissioner was so surprisingly bland and polite that he soon felt perfectly at his ease, and "took a chair," as requested, with calm composure and satisfaction.

"I have sent for you," said the chief, "by command of one of Her

Majesty's ministers." ("Ministers," thought Andy, "I am in the ascending scale. It was only 'commissioners' in the letter.")

"I feel honoured by the compliment," said Andy, with a respectful bow.

Up to this moment the commissioner had continued writing, for he had a huge sheet of paper before him, which portended some important state business, such as would not admit of even a moment's delay; but he now dropped his pen and elevated his eyes to a level with those of Andy.

"It is not intended as a compliment," said he. "Her Majesty's Commissioners of Police are not much in the habit of paying compliments."

"May I beg to be informed, sir?—"

"You are connected with the daily press, I believe," said the chief, interrupting him.

"I am, sir."

"In what capacity?"

"In every capacity comprised under the word—reporter."

"Have you ever done anything for the government?"

"That is precisely what I have been wishing to do for many years past."

"How? in what way?"

"I have been trying for an appointment."

"I think you are at this moment farther off than ever from obtaining one."

"Indeed, sir! I am sorry to hear that," said Andy, beginning to perceive that his business with the Police Commissioners was not designed to be quite so agreeable as he had hoped.

"I mean, sir," resumed the high official, "have you ever supplied any news concerning the government and its proceedings?"

"Yes, in a general way I have written a great deal about them. The government is fair game to a newspaper, I believe."

"What, to shoot your quills at, eh?" remarked the chief, venturing a joke which was not lost upon the experienced ear of McShane, who tittered a response, and proceeded to say that his duty was rather that of a reporter than a writer.

"That is to say," observed the commissioner, "you supply information rather than original articles."

"Precisely so, sir."

"And how do you obtain your information?"

"In various ways, and from various sources. But as regards the government——"

"That's just the point I want to arrive at," said the chief, eagerly.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Andy, feeling somewhat mystified by the unaccountably inquisitive tone in which the commissioner was addressing him, "what am I to understand that you desire to learn from me?"

"Do you ever supply any news regarding the Admiralty?"

"I have done such a thing occasionally."

"And who was your informant on these occasions?"

"I cannot answer the question in general terms; but if you allude to any particular event——"

"I allude to a recent occasion, when there appeared a paragraph in the ——, disclosing an intention on the part of the government to send steam-ships for a secret purpose to the Black Sea. May I ask if you wrote that article?"

"I did, sir," replied Andy, whose mind up to this moment did not in the remotest degree revert to the transaction above related; but who now was suddenly awakened to a sense of his position; and recollecting the strict injunction he had received from Captain Scupper "to keep the authority a profound secret," he put himself on his guard, resolved that the wily commissioner should not catch him in his inquisitorial net.

"From whom did you derive that information?"

"With all respect, sir, I must decline to give up the name; for I was bound to secrecy in the matter. Besides, it is not *usual* with the newspaper press to reveal its sources of information."

"This case is exceptional, Mr. McShane; and Her Majesty's government are resolved to punish the offender."

"I should hardly have thought so trifling a matter worthy the attention of the government at such an important crisis as the present," said Andy, taking courage, as he perceived the trap which had been laid for him, and feeling that if it was sought to treat him as a hero, it would be well for him to act like one.

"*Trifling* a matter," repeated the commissioner, haughtily. "It is my duty to tell you that you have been guilty of a very heinous offence, and all I request of you is, that you will name to me the person on whose authority you committed it."

"Being, as I said before, bound to secrecy," replied Andy, with perfect self-possession, "I cannot satisfy your wish, without the consent of my friend; and therefore, I must beg of you to indulge me with a few hours for consideration."

"Be it so," said the commissioner; "but pray bear in mind that, if you do not accede to the request of her Majesty's government, the consequences to you will be of a very serious nature, involving, perhaps, your liberty, and in some measure, the liberty of the press."

"Her Majesty's government," said Andy, as he was leaving the room, "are certainly resorting to a very unusual mode of proceeding; but they are entitled to my fullest respect; and I shall have the honor, Sir, of communicating with you to-morrow morning."

Andy's first impulse, on quitting the room, was to seek Captain Scupper, and ask his advice in the matter; but he knew not where to obtain access to him until dinner time; and in the meanwhile he pondered over the strange and mysterious scene in which he had been made to play so prominent a part. His reflections were rather agreeable to him than otherwise; for he knew he had committed no sin, and he thought that if the government intended to elevate him to the dignity of a political martyr, they would be thrusting greatness upon him, such as he could never have

aspired to. Was he to be sent to the tower like Sir Francis Burdett? or to prison like a political felon, or to the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms, like Mr. Washington Wilks? In any case, his name would go forth to the world as an offender against the State, and posterity would learn from his history the dangers which the newspaper press had to encounter in the 19th century! Envious fate! He would rather have foregone the profit which he had derived from the offending paragraph, than that the honor he was likely to receive should be denied him. But now came a question which had not hitherto presented itself to him;—by what mysterious agency had the government discovered that he, Andy McShane, had furnished the perilous information to the ————? Had they found out the name of the authority from whom he obtained it, there would be little ground for surprise; but that any person high in the councils of the State should, under such circumstances, have gained access to the penetralia of a newspaper establishment, was to him astounding, as it was, perhaps, unexampled.

Arrived at home, he found his wife in great trouble and anxiety, fearing he might be prevented by the strong arm of the law from returning to her, but her wonted spirits were soon restored when she observed her husband in a state of unusual excitement and exhilaration.

"It's all right," said Andy, embracing the lady of his heart.

"Have you got it, Andy?" inquired the interesting little wife, thinking that Andy, when he said "It's all right," meant to signify that he had gained the looked-for appointment.

"No, I have not exactly *got* it," said Andy, in great glee; "but I expect to get it very soon."

"Get what?" asked Mrs. Andy, with increasing anxiety. "A government appointment?"

"No, a government prosecution," replied Andy. "But don't let that alarm you, for it will be a fortune to me."

"A fortune and a government prosecution!" cried the innocent wife, who, with true womanly discernment, could only appreciate words according to their ordinary and proper signification. "Don't torment me with your mysteries;" saying this she looked into his face with an earnest solicitude which caused him to adopt a more serious tone of language; and he related to her briefly all that had passed, concluding by saying that he must immediately hasten to Captain Scupper to ask his advice and assistance, preparatory to his returning an answer to the Commissioners of Police—an answer which, he doubted not, would speedily lead to his arrest.

Not many minutes had elapsed ere he was again at the same table as Captain Scupper, who was taking his dinner at the usual *restaurant*, and at the usual hour. Having explained to that gentleman the particulars of his interview with the commissioner, and the result, the gallant captain told him to be firm in his refusal to give up the name, and not to omit sending a letter to that effect on the following morning.

"They can do nothing to you," said the captain.

"Can't they arrest me?" said Andy.

"Not a bit of it," replied the captain; "what for?"

"For publishing information said to be injurious to the State, and treating her Majesty's government with what the law calls, constructive contempt."

"No fear," said the captain, "they will not make a political martyr of you this time. They have other things to attend to."

"But I should not care if they were to make a martyr of me," replied Andy, whose natural and national appreciation of the ridiculous, led him to believe, that a government prosecution against a newspaper writer would, at least, be productive of considerable amusement, if not of honor and renown.

"However, I'll hold you harmless," said Captain Scupper, who knew full well that if any one was in jeopardy, it was himself, because in his good-nature, he had imperilled his position with the government in order to serve a personal friend,—“Sit down,” he continued, “and write to the commissioner at once. Of course he has now left his office; but you can forward the letter to him early in the morning.”

Andy did as he was advised, and immediately addressed a letter to the chief Commissioner of Police, stating that, having consulted the gentleman from whom he had received the information which had produced the displeasure of her Majesty's government, he had come to the conclusion *not* to give up the name of that gentleman. He had formed this resolution with the profoundest respect for the government, but in the exercise of his judgment as a man of honor; and whatever the consequences might be, he was prepared to meet them.

A communication to this effect was despatched to the office of the commissioners on the following morning, and Andy awaited the result with some anxiety, the prevailing idea in his mind being that a “molehill” of which it had been attempted to make so huge a “mountain,” ought not to be thus suddenly checked in its growth. To his disappointment, however, and to the satisfaction of his timorous wife, he heard nothing from her Majesty's government, or her Majesty's commissioners of Police; and upon making inquiry at the ——— office as to the means by which his name had been revealed, in connexion with the affair in question, he was informed that one of the Secretaries of State, being a proprietor of the paper, had ascertained that he was the writer of the paragraph, and had accordingly instructed the Commissioners of Police to use their efforts to discover the primary offender. Thus was everything explained—not much to the credit and dignity of the English government, perhaps; but it must be admitted that in times of war, a breach of privilege, such as had been innocently committed by Captain Scupper, might lead to very mischievous consequences, and hence, it was not altogether inexpedient to guard against the occurrence of a similar error in future.

As a reward to Andy McShane for the manly courage he displayed, Captain Scupper procured him the appointment which, unhappily, as before stated, ended in his death; and in regard to the captain himself, it was not long ere his association with the Admiralty ceased; for circumstances had since occurred which caused “suspicion” to fall upon him, and he, alone, became a victim to the “Government Design.” G. H.

## OLD DUBLIN—THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

CHICHESTER HOUSE, the historian of Dublin tells us, having fallen into decay in 1727, the Irish Parliament determined to have it demolished, and new houses erected on its site. The condemned building had been an hospital, palace, and senate, successively, and was the theatre of some notable events in the social and political history of the country. In the beginning of the seventeenth century it was the residence of Sir Arthur Chichester, who played a conspicuous part in the plantation of Ulster. Subsequently it fell into the possession of Sir Samuel Smith; then of Sir John Borlase, the justice to whom Owen O'Connolly, in 1641, communicated the projected seizure of Dublin Castle; and in 1661, the first Irish Parliament summoned after the Restoration, sat within its walls. In the reign of Charles II. the house was formally purchased by the crown, for the use of the two houses of parliament, at a rent of about £180 per annum. Charles II., having died in a truck bed speechless, but we have reason to hope, penitent, James II., a sovereign capable of great things, but a coward in heart, and a waverer in disposition, succeeded. The revolution, with William III. at its head, drove him from a throne which his vacillation disgraced, and the House of Orange held levees at St. James's. Another Irish parliament was summoned, and again Chichester House was the scene of their deliberations. The assembly was exclusively composed of English colonists and their descendants, as an act had been passed in 1691 by which Catholics were excluded from the discharge of senatorial functions. In 1703 the old house witnessed a singular spectacle. Butler, Malone, and Rice, three Catholic barristers, appealed at the bar of the House of Commons against the violation of the treaty of Limerick by an act passed to repress the growth of Popery. Commons and Lords naturally turned a deaf ear to their remonstrances; and "the Irish," says our historian, "regretted too late having laid down their arms on the faith of a treaty which, although solemnly guaranteed under the Great Seal of England, was, as on former occasions, observed no longer than suited the purposes of the stronger party."

In 1728 the workmen commenced the demolition of the house, whose every stone was a history, the surveyor-general, Thomas Burgh, having laid a plan of the projected building before the then Lord Lieutenant. In February, 1729, the first stone of the superb and imposing pile which lies to the east side of College-green, was laid with befitting pomp and ceremony by the Lords-Justices, surrounded by a brilliant gathering of the notabilities of the metropolis. Primate Boulton went through the formality of removing a prop from the white block, in which was deposited a silver plate bearing a Latin inscription, on which the reigning monarch was mentioned as "the most serene and most powerful, George II.," the customary imposing usage of placing contemporary coins in a cavity of the stone was scrupulously observed; and thus the glorious temple which was afterwards to witness a nation's glory and a nation's shame—the extremes of exultation and misery

—was begun. A grave doubt remains as to the architect by whom the building was designed. The plans unquestionably were furnished by Pearce; then "surveyor-general of his Majesty's works;" but it is stated, and on reasonable authority, that he obtained them from Castle, the architect of Leinster House. Between both stools our researches fall to the ground, and we are lost in the quagmires of probabilities. It is to be regretted that we do not know with certainty the name of the man who conceived one of the noblest ideas which has ever been "translated" into architecture. As a national glory, the building stands unrivalled. The beauty of its proportions, the simple, austere grandeur that pervades the mass, the absence of even legitimate meretriciousness, as well as the originality of the whole, form a structure which challenges comparison in Europe. Under the ordinary conditions of daylight, it appears noble and imposing, but it is at night, when the moonlight falls upon arch, and pillar, and pediment, mellowed with the weather stains of a century, that the tender and melancholy splendour of the building is fully revealed; the great flood of brilliance falls into the quadrangle of the vast eastern portico, muffling up the sides in dusky swathes of shadow, whilst the colonnade to the north appears to dwindle off into miles of perspective. Critics condemn the richly ornamented Corinthian portico of the House of Lords, and its erection would have been inexcusable had not taste and uniformity been obliged to give way before the necessities of the locality. In 1782, the peers having determined on the addition of new buildings to the original trunk, Gandon's plans for a portico were accepted. The site of the new erection presented a steep declivity; and as it was impossible to build upon it an Ionic portico, whose horizontal lines (cornices, basements, windows, &c.), could have been carried on at the same level with those already in existence, without seriously damaging the general effect, the difficulty was surmounted by adopting the Corinthian order in the addition. The latter cost no less than upwards of £20,000. It was originally approached by two steps; and with the circular wall connecting it with the central portico, contributed largely to the appearance of the whole. It is a subject of frequent regret, that the wall and porticoes have not a greater elevation; that they look stunted and out of proportion. It should be remembered, however, that this defect arises from the circumstance of the original architect having contemplated no addition to his plans. Remedy is out of the question; the diameters of columns increase in a ratio with their height; and who ever dreams of improving the Parliament Houses by increasing the elevation, must first make up his mind to pull the entire structure to pieces. In 1787, a fit of artistic extravagance seized the Commons. They resolved upon adding a fresh portico to the west side of the building. Circumstances favoured the *Plebs* so far, that they were able to erect one in harmony with the original design; and to increase the beauty of the pile, they had it connected to the centre of the house by a magnificent circular colonnade and wall, twelve feet distant from each other. This was the last change effected by the Irish Parliament. The figures above the southern portico are from designs by Flaxman.

Of the interior of both houses we have been furnished with a graphic and complete description by eye-witnesses. The central door of the great portico led into a vast and splendid hall, known as the Court of Requests. This was usually crowded during the session by constituents, lawyers, undertakers, deputations from the country, and witnesses summoned before either house. The Commons was a circular room, surrounded by sixteen Corinthian columns, springing from a cylindrical base, and supporting a hemispherical dome. The strangers' gallery ran around the pillars; and on the floor benches, for the accommodation of the members, were ranged in concentric circles, one rising above the other. The Lords' was an apartment forty feet long by thirty feet wide. It was enriched at both ends with Corinthian columns, and covered with a trunk ceiling. At the upper end was a niche in which was placed the throne. John Wesley, who saw it in 1787, says, that in splendour it exceeded that of Westminster; "but," adds the pious man, "what surprised me above all, were the kitchens of the House, and the great apparatus for good eating." This is genuine philosophy. The Lords', we may remark, was hung with tapestries representing the Battle of the Boyne and the Siege of Derry. They were manufactured by Robert Baillie of Dublin, and valued highly.

The House of Peers must have presented an uncommon spectacle of pomp and magnificence on the occasion of the viceroy's visits. From the Castle to College-green, his excellency's way was lined by the military; a squadron of cavalry preceded the carriage; and the cortège moved forward to the strains of music and the discharge of ordnance. These were great fête days in Dublin, when the wealth and rank of the provinces poured into the city, when the land was rich in many of the elements of public prosperity. We can fancy the multitudes, ever greedy for a show, whether it be Punchinello or the Queen of Sheba, surging around the base of old Trinity, filling up the approaches of Dame-street and Westmoreland-street, and spreading like a black sea around the walls of the Parliament House. There were cheers, and vivats, and wavings of hats and handkerchiefs, as the viceregal chariot appeared amid the blare of twenty trumpets, and the glitter of uniforms, and the flash of bayonets. Having entered and robed, his Excellency was conducted to the chair of state in the House of Lords. The peers, spiritual and temporal, stood around, the bishops in their aleeves and aprons, the lords in their cloaks and coronets. When the bills which had passed both houses had received the royal assent, the chancellor, kneeling, received permission from the Viceroy to summon the Commons. That duty was discharged by the Usher of the Black Rod; a tumultuous rush of feet was heard in the corridors, and in a minute the commoners, pushing, struggling, and fighting for way, rushed into the viceregal presence. Those who have seen the delirious scramble of an English House of Commons on similar occasions, may form a faint conception of a scene, when the Usher of the Black Rod would have his heels chipped off, and the Sergeant-at-arms be treated as an illegal obstruction. The royal assent was given in French; and when the ceremony had concluded the peers would retire to

disrobe, and the viceroy would get down to his carriage, and the pageant stream back to the Castle.

In 1739 Henry Lord Santry was tried before the peers for the murder of a man in Palmerstown. The event caused no small sensation in Irish society, and the proceedings were surrounded with all possible pomp and circumstance. College-green was occupied by the military; the battle-axe guards were stationed in the passages and approaches of the house; and the city constables took care of the demeanour of the mob. Santry was fetched from gaol in a hackney-coach. The Chancellor adopted a more pretentious mode of conveyance; for we are told that he left his house preceded by twelve hare-headed gentlemen, his sergeant-at-arms and seal bearer, the Black Rod carrying his Grace's white staff, the King of Arms carrying nothing. His grace himself was sumptuously arrayed in a rich gown, the train of which was borne by gentlemen. The cortège, which consisted of several carriages, each drawn by two horses, was brought up by the judges in their crimson and ermined dresses. When his grace reached the house, there was an immense bunch of ceremonies to be got through. When he had bowed to all the peers, all the peers had to return the compliment with interest; his chair was placed upon an ascent of one step only; a stool was provided for the accommodation of the purse, (by the way when did the king's chancellors cease to be the king's almoners?) King-of-Arms and Seal-bearer stood on his right hand; Black-Rod and Sergeant-at-Arms on his left. The king's commission was presented to him on bended knees; and when proclamations without end had been made, the prisoner, preceded by the headsman, bearing an axe painted black to within two inches of the edge, was placed at the bar. Then the headsman took his place beside the accused, holding the axe as high as his neck, but with the edge turned away from his lordship. It was the custom to hold it thus until the prisoner should have been acquitted or found guilty, in which latter case, the axe's edge was immediately turned towards him. Bowes, then solicitor-general, prosecuted, and his lordship was found guilty, with a recommendation to the royal mercy. He was reprieved at the intercession of the Lord Lieutenant, and subsequently received a full pardon. The peers subsequently tried Viscount Netterville for the murder of a man named Walsh. The prisoner was acquitted in the absence of legal evidence. Robert, Earl Kingston, was put on trial in May 1798, for the murder of Colonel Fitzgerald, and was also acquitted.

In 1759 the country was suddenly alarmed by the report of a contemplated union with Great Britain. Such a prospect, distasteful as it was to the nation at large, was specially unpopular with the citizens of Dublin, who wisely foresaw, in the transfer of the legislature to England, the death of enterprise and the destruction of trade. Directly the report obtained circulation, the doors of the House of Commons were besieged by crowds of citizens, who manifested by their demeanour a deep sense of injury, and a resolution to guard the national rights. It must have been a strange scene; for when Rigby, the Lord Lieutenant's secretary, came out to quiet the

people's apprehensions, he would not be listened to ; and the president of the second greatest assembly in the world had to come forward. Mr. Ponsonby, the speaker of the house, was one of the most popular politicians of the time ; and his disclaimer, backed up by the secretary's declaration that an act of union should receive his opposition, tranquillized the people. The tumult had scarcely subsided when the citizens had their suspicions awakened afresh by a motion of Rigby, which proposed to empower the Viceroy, in case of public emergency, to summon a parliament without the usual notice.

In the twinkling of an eye the indignant Dubliners rushed to the house, possessed themselves of the approaches, and administered to the members, as they passed, an oath enjoining fidelity to the constitution. Mr. Gilbert's description of this scene is graphic and full of colour. He tells us that the mob laid hands on Rowley, a wealthy dissenter, who was suspected of harbouring intentions prejudicial to the nation ; that he was stripped and narrowly escaped drowning ; that Lord Inchiquin lost his perwig and red ribbon, and nearly lost his life from an impediment of speech ; that the English Bishop of Killala and the Lord Chancellor were dragged from their coaches and obliged to take the oath twice. Anthony Malone, coming out of the house, was stopped and questioned, and one of the ringleaders having just dipped his hand in the channel, insisted on shaking that of the honourable member. The demonstration culminated in a joke, which for point and malignity was never equalled in the popular excesses of the French. Entering the House of Lords, the citizens seated an old woman on the throne, where they compelled her to smoke tobacco. The sarcasm was directed against the imbecility of the peers, who were strongly suspected of designs inimical to the public liberties. The journals of the House of Commons were saved from the flames, only because they recorded the great triumph of 1753. A gallows was erected for Rigby, but he fled the city, and thus escaped the death of a malefactor. In the evening the populace was dispersed without loss of life by mounted troops. When the commons had recovered from the terror inspired by those proceedings, they passed all sorts of resolutions guaranteeing the inviolability of their privileges. The Lord Mayor and sheriffs were summoned before the house, and reproved for their negligence, and warned to be more diligent in concerting measures for the personal safety of the members.

Sir Jonah Barrington gives us a complete and splendid picture of the interior of the House of Commons on the ever-memorable day on which Grattan, then at the full height of his great powers, moved the "Declaration of Irish Rights." Over four hundred ladies were seated in the gallery of the dome, the majority of the auditors belonging to the peerage. The body of the house was crowded with members ; and when the Speaker took the chair at four o'clock, the eye could scarcely have rested on a more brilliant and imposing spectacle. Grattan was in the Volunteer uniform, and as he rose not a whisper was heard in the mighty rotunda. When he had finished, and the almost universal affirmative of the legislature had raised Ireland for a brief moment from the position of a dependant to the

rank of a nation, self-erect and free, the applause which rang through the house was communicated to the thousands who thronged College-green, waiting in dignified expectancy the issue of the day; and the city rose up in jubilee. The evening was devoted to public feasts and celebrations; and as night closed over the metropolis of a self-emancipated people, the sky was illuminated by the reflection of a thousand fires. This was in 1782; and yet only seven years elapsed and the project of a union with England was openly debated within the same walls. Again the people clamoured at the doors within which a pack of mercenaries were huckstering away their liberties; again the women of Ireland crowded into the mighty dome, and watched with flushed cheek and swimming eye the struggle between patriotism and corruption; and once more the people conquered. When the vote of the house decided the question, a loud cry of exultation burst from the gallery; many females being so overpowered from emotion as to fall into hysterics. When the house rose, the populace took the horses from the Speaker's carriage and drew it home in triumph. Some persons pursued Lord Clare with the professed intention of yoking him to it, and he had to take refuge in a recessed doorway in Clarendon street, where he presented a pistol at his tormentors, by whom the threat was received with shouts of derision. Mr. Gilbert tells us that whilst 707,000 persons petitioned against the debated measure, only 3000 petitioned in its favour.

Every tool of corruption was plied to secure a majority for the government. The most splendid offers were made to seduce needy men of talent into a betrayal of their country's interests, but they were scornfully declined. It was not until 1800, when the house had been packed with mendicant English and Scotch adventurers, when the cabinet had resolved to spare nothing in order to prostitute the patriots, and buy over the indifferent, that the crash came which upset the constitutional card-house. Bribes were held out under the name of compensations for losses resulting from the removal of the seat of government to London. Every peer returning a pliant member was to receive £15,000 in cash, exclusive of election costs; every member who had purchased a seat, was to have the money returned to him by the treasury. Besides, all members who should lose by the union, were to be recompensed for their losses; and to carry out this gigantic scheme of fraud, a million and a half of the public money was placed at the disposal of the minister. Amongst the recipients of such infamous wages, we are told that Lord Shannon received for his patronage in the Commons, £45,000; Marquis of Ely £45,000; Lord Clanmorris, a peerage and £23,000; Lord Belvidere, a *douceur* and £15,000; Sir Hercules Langrishe, £15,000. Mr. Gilbert tells us that the Anti Unionists subscribed £100,000 to purchase seats, in order to counterpoise the rotten accessions to the ministerial interest in the House. Private liberality, however, was no match for the resources of a minister who had an empire at his back; and the liberty of the Irish nation was voted away on the morning of the 8th of April 1800, by a corrupted majority of 43, procured by the outlay of £3,000,000!

All is over—" *Fermez les rideaux.*" The Black Rod may break his wand, and the Sergeant-at-arms pawn his mace, and the Speaker may go home, and the Chancellor send his wig to the museum. The minor functionaries shall receive for compensation a share of the £32,000 voted for that purpose; but the pomp and circumstance have departed, perhaps for ever; and they shall shine no more in the gorgeous pageants of which the House was the centre. Tighe and Grattan, and poor Egan, with his large heart and short stick, and Bowes Daly, the polished and chivalrous gentleman, and James Blackwood, whose subsequent honours could not improve the nobility of his character, and O'Donnell, who would be informal, and move that the Act of Union be burned, may linger for awhile at the threshold, as the oil-lamps begin to flicker around the college walls, and the mists of June steal over the city. Soon they too shall have gone, and not a sound be heard in the rotunda, except the carpenter making chests and counters for Mammon. Only three years ago, and the Duke of Rutland, the dead Viceroy, was waked in the House of Lords. The room was darkened and hung in superfine mourning; waxlights blazed upon the coffin and on the arms and orders of defunct nobility. There were canopies and plumes, and mourners for the hiring; and in the midst of all lay the dead man in triple armour,—cedar, lead, and mahogany. Now they are going to lock up the house and place the keys in the custody of an old woman who shall take fees for opening the doors to visitors, and exposing to their eyes the chamber in which forty-three noblemen sold their country for a consideration. Trinity College shall get the chandelier of the commoners, and the Irish Academy be presented with the speaker's chair. Foster, the last speaker of the House, has the mace which he refuses to give up to the government, until the body that entrusted it to his keeping shall demand it. "*Fermez les rideaux,*" cried Rabelais, "It is all over."

On the "abolition" of the Irish Parliament, it was proposed to convert the House into lecture halls for the use of Trinity College. The suggestion was rejected on reasonable grounds, and the Bank of Ireland purchased the place, subject to a ground rent of £240, for the sum of £40,000. In its then condition, the House did not suit the requirements of a gigantic banking concern, so a circular wall was run up between the centre and extremities of the buildings, with Ionic pillars and niches alternating on the surface. So it stands! The great tide of Dublin life—narrow indeed when compared with that of Paris or London—flows by its walls day after day; the sentry walks his rounds in the classic porticoes, and the fruit girl sells oranges on the steps; on no side is visible the emotion which the monument of a great moral assassination ought to be capable of inspiring. Enthusiastic hearts and eyes may repeople its halls and courts with the pomp and pageantry of a coming legislature; in which, by the way, the blare of the Viceregal trumpets is never heard, nor is the thunder of orthodox cannon resonant, but for the great mass there is no dream, no foreshadowing. The popular bulk, we are told, has taken to Mr. Emerson's "substantialities," and is satisfied with three per cents.

## A QUEER STORY ABOUT LITTLE MEN AND MIGHTY TREASURES.

It rained hard; the road was more than a foot under water; so we stopped at the Harp and Eagle, and made ourselves at home for the night. And when dinner was over, and we lighted our cigars, in came the sick man, with the pale face and bright eyes, which so frightened Sarah.

"Now," we said, "for your story."

"Shall I begin at the beginning?" asked the sick man.

"What else would you do, now?" says the landlord of the "Harp and Eagle."

"Well, then," said the sick man, "be all attention, for it may be a long time before I again allude to this subject. Well," he continued, "it is a fact well known to the people of these parts, that our family is second to none in age and respectability,—that is, in so far as being "residents" since before Queen Bess's time, and always paying our war, as honest people should do, to the last—very last farthen!—as the landlord here knows right well. Such being the case, of course you will not be astonished when I tell you that from the days of Queen Bess, down to my own days, our family had a 'hankering' after leprahauns, and the leprahauns after our family, and there has scarcely been a leap year from the time of the first of our family, whose name was Roderick O'Lennan of the Hills, to the present year, that some little affair of honour, love, capers or pranks, has not been played on either side. Of course, our object always has been to come at the golden store of the leprahauns, and to adopt every possible means to attain that end, and you would scarcely believe all the bother and trouble those same leprahauns have brought on us even within the last hundred years or so. In fact there is not a book in Ireland would hold an account of the doings on both sides. So not to weary you with tales which would make the hair of your head stand erect—all facts, mind—true as the gospel,—I will just tell in as few words as I possibly can, my adventures with the leprahauns, from the effects of which,—as you see for yourself—I have not yet recovered.

"On this very night five weeks, after my supper and prayers, I went to bed. It was early; I could not sleep, so lay just as much awake as a 'March hare' for several hours. At last and long run, I was about to doze when I heard a voice to call 'Phil Lennan, Phil Lennan!' I turned on my back in order to be certain, and again the voice said, 'Phil Lennan, get up! go at once to the Hare Gap; it is day-light; get up! up! up!'" I remembered that I had some snares set on the furzy ditch, for the hares, and thought that some neighbour had discovered them. Well, the short and the long of it is, I got up, opened the door, and went out towards the Hare Gap. The morning was fine, the sun had scarcely risen, the grass was damp yet firm under foot, on account of a slight frost. I

passed through the Hare Gap, looked at my snares, one of which I found full,—removed the hare, and retraced my steps. Well, just as I was passing through the Hare Gap, which is a large flat, placed between two furzy hills, what did I see? jewel and darlint! but—the Lord guard us—a little man smoking a short pipe. He was scarcely as big as a sod of turf, wore shiny polished top-boots, spurs, knee-breeches with ivory buttons and silk side strings, red coat with swallow-tails, gilt buttons, and a green velvet collar, white waistcoat, blue neck-handkerchief, cocked hat and a frill to his shirt; his skin was tan coloured, his eyes were blue, his moustache was white and old looking, his eyebrows were yellowish like; he wore a wig with a long twisty tail, which was tied by silver strings to two bright gold rings which dropped from his ears backwards on his shoulder blades; his fingers were bright with diamonds and jewels, and he carried in his right hand a small white stick with a golden head and a long nose; under his left arm he carried a little bugle with silver keys, and in his left hand a turkey red pocket-handkerchief, and a pair of spectacles; the latter he rubbed with the turkey red pocket-handkerchief, and placed on his nose, when he observed me.

“‘Good morrow, Phil Lennan,’ said the little man; ‘you’re at work early.’

“‘Good morrow kindly to you,’ said I.

“‘Do you know,’ said the little man, ‘that I have a great regard for the family of the Lennans? on my honour I have, although you, Phil, likely think to the contrary; on my honour I have.’

“‘Then,’ said I, ‘if you wish us so well, why not give us some of your old stale gold, as you know we often strove to get it from you. Why not give us a few thousands, even?’

“‘Just so,’ says the little man; ‘the fact is, I never keep cash by me, and for the last two or three hundred years I would have given wealth to the Lennans, but for that great fact.’

“Now I remarked that, during the time the little man spoke, he was in the act of placing his spectacles in a tortoise-shell case, and at last he put the case in his white waistcoat pocket; he also removed from his fingers some of the diamonds, loosened the tail of his wig from the silver cord and large ear-rings, and then tied the turkey-red pocket handkerchief tightly round his hips, after the manner of a man disposed for an encounter. He then tucked his swallow-tails towards the front of his chest, and pinned them to the pocket flaps of his fancy white waistcoat. ‘You seem prepared to give me the slip,’ said I to the little man.

“‘Pon my deed, indeed I hope to do so,’ he replied; ‘good bye to you, Phil Lennan.’

“And as he spoke, off he scampered in the direction of *Glen Heather Mountain*, which rises in the neighbourhood, you know of the Hare Gap Hills. ‘Stand,’ said I, ‘if not I’ll catch you!’ ‘Catch if you can,’ roared the little man. ‘I’m off,’ said I, and so I was. On ran the little man; on I ran after him. Over wall, drain, and hare-hole cleared the little man, without dirtying his boots! But he was not a bit more won-

derful indeed than myself, who, before the little man reached the summit of *Glen Heather*, was within a few yards of him. 'Will you give in?' said I. 'Fudge, Phil,' he replied. 'Will you once?' said I to the little man. 'Gammon!' he replied. 'Will you twice?' said I to the little man. 'Bosh,' he answered. 'Will you the third and last time?' says I to the little man, (whose tongue was out from pure exhaustion). 'Fiddlesticks, Phil,' says he. 'Then you'll be sorry,' says I, as I threw the dead hare, which I held up to this time, before him. It tripped him up; he fell, he rolled, the hare rolled, both rolled together, and what do you think, but the next thing that met my view was the hare running down *Glen Heather* towards the foot of *Slieve Bloom* on three legs, and the little man seated on her back. Of course I felt sorely cut at the sight; but when the little man turned his head towards me with his thumb on his nose, I determined to have satisfaction, so I scampered like wind after the three-legged hare with the little man on her back. The hare not being used to the saddle, went in a direct line down the hill. She seemed to have forgotten the zigzag way of running under ordinary circumstances. Of course, she did not run quickly, as her hind legs were longer than the solitary front one. Consequently, I expected that the hare would tumble heels over the little man, or that the little man would tumble head over the hare. Both catastrophes occurred; the little man tumbled, the hare tumbled, both tumbled over, and over, and over till they arrived at the foot of *Slieve Bloom*, where they were stopped by the little stream which divides the two hills. I was there soon as the hare and the little man, and as both got a "souse into the stream, and sunk to the bottom, I was just in time to save them from "watery graves." You would be delighted entirely to see the grip I took of the little fellow, first by the back of the neck, then by the heels, which I elevated and wriggled in order to remove the water from his chest. He was speechless for two hours, but ultimately came to, as you shall hear.

"Where am I?" says the little man at last.

"You're here, safe and nearly sound," says I; 'you had better stir yourself.'

"Phil Lennan," says the little man, 'go home; I am obliged to you for your kindness.'

"Of course you are; but do you forget you have given me a run of nearly sixteen miles across those mountains. Are you going to settle with me, say if you are not? I will bring you home and put you in the empty blackbird's cage, or cut your head off, and give it to the young greyhounds," I replied, pulling out a tobacco knife.

"Come back," said he, 'where's that cursed hare?'

"Gone to dry herself," I replied, as we turned our steps towards *Glen Heather*, I taking good care not to take my eyes or hands off the little man.

"We had better sit and rest," said the little man, as we reached the top of *Glen Heather*; 'you have me nearly choked.'

"You have me nearly tired to death," I answered, 'and if I sit down now, let it be on the understanding that you settle with me.'

" 'Agreed,' says the little man, 'sit.' He seated himself on the top of a large stone, and on its corner I sat, never for an instant relaxing my hold of him.

" 'Do you play music?' asked the little man.

" 'I do—the trump,' was my reply.

" In an instant he took from his breeches pocket an ivory-mounted silver trump, and commenced to play some air which I did not understand.

" 'Stop that!' says I. 'Put your music into your breeches pocket; don't think that music and blarney will do this time; settle with me at once, or off goes your head for the young greyhounds.'

" 'Phil,' says the little man, 'you are jesting. Would you touch a little fellow like me? so very little, Phil; so very old, Phil; and yet so very well looking, Phil. Nevertheless, with a very large family, Phil. I was of age the year before the flood—am married to the sixteenth wife, and have given jointures to all my children, wives, and grand-children; so am very, very, very poor, Phil Lennan.'

" Now, I thought he was 'spinning,' so said:

" 'You were born before the flood. Why were you not drowned? do tell me that?'

" 'Very true,' replied the little man. 'I would have been drowned *to-day* but for you, Phil. I would have been drowned *then* but for something else. Of course I was one of the good people, who floated and got dry land in this neighbourhood, where I have ever since resided.'

" 'Do you tell me that?' says I.

" 'Pon my deed in deed, I do,' says the little man, as he took the short pipe from the cuff of his coat, where he had it in a small leather case, filled it with tobacco, and lit it by means of the sun's rays and a diamond ring, which he wore on his first finger.

" 'No matter, give me a trifle, or off, I say, goes your head,' says I.

" 'How much will do you?' says he.

" 'As you are poor, give me only fifty thousand pounds,' I replied.

" 'Wont fifty pounds without the thousands do you?' says he.

" In a minute my tobacco-knife was out, and the blunt back of it drawn across his neck.

" 'Hold hard,' says he; 'I will give you a check on the bank for the money.'

" 'No check on the bank. I must have the yellow gold,' I replied.

" 'Nothing short of it?'

" 'Nothing short of it?'

" 'Wont you take off something? fifty thousand is a great deal of money,' says the little man.

" 'Well, yes, take off four or five pounds,' says I.

" 'Thank ye,' says the little man. 'Come this way'—(pointing with his little white stick to a deep hollow which is on the top of Glen Heather, and which appears dug out like a bowl from the solid rock.) I held him very tightly, as I expected he would play on me. At last we stood in the centre of the hollow!

"Those are my coffers," says the little man, as he pointed to the rocks all round. He then took the little bugle from under his arm, and gave a blast through it. Presently the fronts of the rocks fell forward like so many window-shutters, and exposed large heaps of gold and silver, diamonds and jewels! Here little men were shovelling silver and gold in heaps. There little men were counting gold and diamonds. Here little men were melting, by means of large kitchen fires, whole blocks of real solid gold. There they were paying out to other little men and little women. Here they were receiving dishes-full of brooches, rings, gold watches, bracelets, silver spurs and silver-mounted riding-whips, and also nailing bad money to the counters.

"Pay Phil Lennan fifty thousand in gold," says the little man to a small gentleman who had a writing pen behind his ear.

"Done, sir," says the gentleman, and fifty leather bags marked £1,000 each were placed before me.

"Stop," says the little man; "have you any money about you, Phil Lennan?"

"Not a stiver," I replied.

"No matter; take five pounds out of No. 1 bag," says the little man to the gentleman with the pen in his ear.

"Done," says the gentleman, as he, with a dab of a brush, changed the mark on the No. 1 bag to £995.

"Remove your money," says the little man, as he gave another blast through the little bugle. Presently the shutters were up—the rocks resumed their former appearance, and the fifty bags of gold, the little man, and myself were the only interesting persons and things in the bowl.

"Remove your money," again says the little man.

"Impossible!" I replied. "You will have to get it carried for me."

"Well, well, I suppose I must," says the little man. "I will do so on one condition."

"Name it," says I.

"That you second my son, 'Heather-top,' the best pugilist in Ireland, who has been challenged by 'Strawberry-Sam,' of St. Helens, in Wales—stakes ten millions aside."

"Do you tell me so?"

"Yes."

"When is the fight to come off?" I asked.

"T-day" answered the little man.

"Where?" "Here." "What! Here! You jest." "I never do," replied the little man. "I would not ask you for such a favour, but I have learned from my secretary, that my son's trainer and second is not expected to live, having sprained his left molar tooth, and has not rallied from the shock occasioned thereby, so we'll be in a pickle I fear."

"You tell me that your son is well up in the science," I asked.

"Would delight you," replied the little man.

"You must be in some need of refreshment," said I to the little man, after a pause.

"'Not a bit of it. I breakfast at three in the morning, and dine at three in the afternoon,' he answered.

"'And where do you deal for your provisions and groceries?' I asked.

"'Every where—all round about,' he answered. 'You see,' continued the little man, 'my family, though large, is not extravagant, nor are they fond of dainty dishes. So during the spring time, we put up with a sufficiency of new milk, mushrooms, and winter fruit; during the summer and autumn months, we can have what we wish—strawberries, blackberries, peaches, pears, and corn, and what not. During the winter months we live on haws, mountain dew, and the provisions stored during harvest time. In fact my dear sir,' continued the little man, 'we are seldom short of food, or essentials, to keep our frames intact, and to my own certain knowledge there are folk who carry higher heads than we carry—that could not honestly say so much.'

"'Sarra doubt about that part of your story,' I replied. 'But hold, what's this?'

"'Here they are! my son 'Heathertop' and his backers—'Strawberry Sam,' his second and backers. The referee—the members of the sporting club, the ring in general, and the ropes and stakes in particular,' says the little man with much excitement, and standing on his toes to have a good view of the comers, some of whom were dressed like the little man, but had on top-coats and warm mufflers, two musical bands were seating themselves round the top of the rocky bowl, (they played the finest music I ever heard during my born days,) whilst several hundred of the boys and girls of the leprahaus—the commoner sort, it would appear, sat between the bands and the ring. In the twinkling of an eye the stakes were down in the solid rocks, and the ropes were attached to them! Whilst all this was going on, of course the "strangers were introduced to my little man and to myself as the second of his son 'Heathertop.' I, all the time, keeping a grip of my prisoner, and an eye both to him and to my clear, yellow gold guineas in the fifty bags; for although I heartily admired the 'manly science of self-defence,' the thoughts of the great heaps of money were dearer to me. At length a little bell rang, and into the centre of the ring instantly was thrown a carrot-coloured velvet cap, with a gold band on it. This was followed by a vegetable-green coloured velvet cap with a gold band on it, then a vegetable-green-and-gold little man entered the ring—whom I at once knew to be of the family of my little man; then a carrot-and-gold little man entered the ring of course. I at once knew this to be the Welsh 'Strawberry Sam.' On another ding of the little bell, a fat well-to-do-looking little man, dressed as white as the driven snow, entered the ring. He held some papers in his hand, and my little man told me this was the referee. He was known by the surname "Snow Ball."

"'Then the Snow Ball said, 'Cracked Walnut,' as second to 'Strawberry Sam,' take your place! Immediately a smart-handed-looking little fellow dressed in snuff-coloured breeches, and in his shirt sleeves, stood by Sam's side. Then the Snow Ball again said—wherever he heard it, I don't know—

'*Phil Lennan* as second to *Heathertop*, take your place.' 'I will,' said I, 'on two conditions.'

"Name your conditions I' says the referee.

"The first is that the money here, which is mine, be placed convenient to me inside the ropes,' I replied.

"It is against the fundamental rule of the ring,' says the referee. 'It is against the rules; but we, as referee, grant you this condition,' continued Snow Ball.

"The second condition is,' I continued, "that I have the privilege of bringing my little man here, the father of the young gentleman *Heathertop*, inside the ropes, and retaining him as at present."

"Such a request was never before heard of,' says the referee. 'But we, as referee, grant it on the proviso, that such arrangement be not to the prejudice of your principal,' continues Snow Ball.

"I 'gree to the proviso! and now for it,' says I, entering the ring.

"At last the referee then reading of the paper rules, then said, 'Seconds, toss for corners.' Immediately the snuff-coloured second, who was not more than a foot and a half in height, came towards me, put his hand in his breeches pocket, and drew out of it a new two-shilling piece. 'A single toss, or two, of three, mate,' says the little snuff-coloured man. 'A single toss,' whispered my own little man. 'A single toss,' says I. "Cry," says the snuff-coloured little man. 'Harp for Ireland,' says I, as up went the silver. 'You won the toss,' says the referee—"a good beginning"—A cheer from our backers followed the announcement.

"How will you place your man,' says the referee, 'side or back?'

"Say back,' whispered my own little man, whom I still gripped tightly. 'Back to the sun, Mr. Referee,' says I.

"Good again, sir,' says the referee. 'Places,' says the referee, (showing us at the same time our positions) 'are you ready, gentlemen?' continued the referee.

"Wait a minute,' says I, 'my money, you know, has to be placed in my corner.'

"Just so. Boys, shunt those bags to this corner of the ring,' says the referee, pointing to my corner.

"Done,' says a thousand voices; and sure enough, the fifty bags of solid gold were at my elbow.

"Ready, gentlemen?' says the referee.

"Ready,' says the snuff-coloured little man.

"Ready and willing,' says I.

"To it men,' says the referee. At these words, both 'men' walked to the centre of the ring, embraced, 'shook hands, and parted,' to their own corners.

"And now the excitement, within and without the ropes, was at a high pitch. Cheers were given for the 'red,' cheers were given for the 'green.' Wagers, ranging from one hundred sovereigns to one and two millions, were offered and taken on 'first blood,' both sides, whilst whistling kingdoms were staked on the final issue of the fight. And now, only now,

I glanced in thought on the position in which I was placed. Talk of prime ministers, Houses of Commons, and Lords; what was their responsibility to mine, only think of it. The hope or the despair of kingdoms, aye, of the *five* quarters of the globe, to be nursed on the knee of Phil Lennan. Talk as you will, Phil Lennan did his duty, though he lost the fifty thousand pound, and found what he did not at all bargain for—pains, aches, and a sore heart!

"Well, to make a long story short, my chap drew the first blood, and sure enough it did spout out of the red fellow like mad; but the red fellow, next bout, gave my man a thump on the forehead, which made the mountains all round about echo with the sound, and my poor lamb sneeze so continuously, that he got quite stupid, and would not have been able to 'go in' to time, had I not remembered that when I was a child, my poor old grandmother—Heaven be with her!—used to stop my sneezings by pressing firmly between her fingers the bones of my nose—an operation which I performed successfully on 'Heathertop,' who fought manfully, showed the greatest possible amount of 'science,' and ultimately 'licked' the 'Walshman,' who although possessed of a considerable amount of pluck, was in the ninety-sixth round, shot by a 'fair underhand,' over the ropes, and pasted, flat as a pan-cake and stone dead, against the side of that large rock which lies on the surface (but overhangs at a distance of about one hundred and two or three feet) the ring wherein we fought. (I will point him out, for his friends said there was no use in removing him) when I have strength sufficient to ascend the hill.

"Of course there was a great 'Hubbub' on the part of the foreigners, most of them got up such a queer chatter, that I was quite bewildered; of course, too, there was money galore handed about, and bits of paper, in the forms of I O You's, and the like.

"'Shall I throw up the sponge?' says the snuff-coloured second, very much excited.

"'There is scarcely an occasion,' says the referee, 'Heathertop' is the victor, after a well-fought ring,' he continued. 'Such is the decision of your referee.'

"The joy on our side was boundless. Such shaking of hands, shouting, capering and embracing. 'Heathertop' was chaired round and round the ring. I, holding fast my own little man, was next taken off my pins by a couple of hundred of the Leprahauns, and chaired round the ring, whilst thousands of voices cried, 'Three cheers and one cheer more for Phil Lennan,' the bands all the time playing 'St. Patrick's day in the morning;' oh! it was all a grand sight, no matter what it cost.

"'Phil Lennan,' says my own little man, taking me by the hand, 'I feel deeply indebted to you; and if I ever have the opportunity of showing my gratitude otherwise than in bestowing on you a few thousands of 'filthy lucre,' no doubt but I shall make use of such opportunity. And,' continues he, 'Phil Lennan, if it were not for the strong prejudice you hold against eating or drinking with us, nothing in the world would prevail on me to allow you to leave this place, with your fifty bags of bright gold guineas,

without dining and having a dance with us. You know," continues the little man, "I must show hospitality to those Welsh foreigners, who, you see, are brushing and cleaning themselves all round; and if I could, 'by hook or by crook,' prevail on you—you that has saved the credit of my family, and kept up the honour of old Ireland, by causing my boy to lick, clean and decent, the foreigners, to stop with us for the heel of the day, I would feel quite delighted."

"Just as he stopped speaking I heard a loud rumbling noise by the side of a ledge of rock which was convenient to me, and as I turned my head round to see what was the cause of it, saw a little door-like opening, through which came twelve little men, dressed in cream-coloured livery, with red bindings on their coats and small-clothes. They wore white stockings and buckled shoes; they all appeared young, and every mother's son of them had his hair filled with flour. The first of them blew through a trumpet as he came out. Presently there stood in the centre of the ring an immense mahogany dining-table. Then he gave a second blow on the trumpet, and the eleven other men in the twinkling of an eye, put a large table-cloth, plates, knives and forks, spoons, glasses, and twelve large dishes of smoking and beautifully-smelling eatables, also twelve large bottles of whiskey on the table! Next the little man gave another blow on the trumpet, and large, soft, padded seats with backs, appeared all round the round table! Then the same little man took from his side pockets little slips of paper, and placed them all round the table. He then gave three very loud blasts on the trumpet, and retired inside the rock. Presently the most beautiful music in the world commenced, and over one hundred of the finest dressed ladies you ever set your born eyes on, each accompanied by a little man, took their seats at the dinner-table. Most of the little men I knew as those engaged in the late fight; but the ladies I had never seen before.

"Ah! do stop with us," says my little man.

"Would there be any fear?" says I. "If hunger can make a man stop I can't see how to get away."

"Of course you must be both dry and hungry, and you deserve to be both, if you do not take what's going," says the little man.

"True enough for you," says I, nearly gasping from the beautiful odour of the dishes, and the whiskey bottles, which were now uncorked. "But mind!" says I, "you shall continue my prisoner until my money is at home, safe and sound, as I took you fairly in war."

"Unquestionably," says my little man; "and," says he aloud, "place the best seat in our dominions at the head of the table, and to my right, for Mr. Phil Lennan."

"Done," says a number of voices.

"Well in due course I took my seat to the right of my little man, and next his most beautiful lady. The whole family were all attention and politeness to me; I neither wanted for spirits, wine, nor the most dainty bits on the dishes. The lady was very chatty, and seemed to know as much about our family as I did myself. Healths were drank, toasts were given, and ultimately liquor was flowing from end to end of the table.

Nearly every man, woman, and child (myself excepted) got drunk. Still the music was playing most beautifully, which caused, of course, some of the folk to dance and caper, though scarcely able to do so. The liquor, I said, was of the best; so, unfortunately for myself, as each man dropped dead drunk under the table, I was sure to drink "his health and an early uprise to him." My own little man was fast asleep, and evidently had an easy conscience, as there was not a budge out of him. I was sitting quietly on the top of a crockery hamper, when the lady says to me: "Phil, would yez like a nate diamond ring, for somebody you know?" "Not the slightest objection, darling," says I. "Then pull it off my middle finger," says she. I caught it, but 'twas so tight that I had to stand up and pull away with all my might. In the twinklin' of an eye off it came, sure enought, and back went myself, head over heels into the crockery.

"I was tripped up, and got landed on my head under the large mahogany table. I remember no more! what became of me afterwards I don't know. What became of my money, little man, and all, I have no notion of. All I do know is, that it was long after night when I was discovered, cold and speechless, at the distance of ten or twelve yards from the edge of the ring, and holding in my hand my short, thick hunting stick.

"And now," continued Phil Lennan, "as you all know the cause of my sickness well as I do myself, and as the night is far advanced, I will take my leave, with your permission," getting up and buttoning his coat.—"What I should have done," says Phil, "was first to get home the gold, and then come back to the party. The difficulty of killing two birds with one stone was well illustrated in my case. However, better luck next time. Good night to you all!"

R. L.

## HANNIBAL'S VISION OF THE GODS OF CARTHAGE.

["In his sleep, so he told Silenus, he fancied that the supreme god of his fathers had called him into the presence of all the gods of Carthage, who were sitting on their thrones in council. There he received a solemn charge to invade Italy."—ARNOLD'S "*Rome*," chap. xliii.]

I.

I SWEAR to thee, Silenus, it was not an idle dream,  
When the gods of Carthage called me by the Ebro's rushing stream,  
When I stood amid the council of the deities of Tyre—  
And I felt a spirit on me—the spirit of my sire.

II.

You know if I am fearful, yet I quivered when I saw  
The mighty form of Kronos, full of majesty and awe—  
His glance was far and lifted, like one looking into space,  
When he turned it full upon me, abashed, I hid my face.

## III.

I heard the Thrones communing, in a language strange and high—  
Words of Earth and words of Heaven, in opinion and reply;  
Names and actions all familiar, cherished secrets all untold,  
Were mingled in their councils with the unknown and the old.

## IV.

The prayer I prayed at Gades, the boyish oath I swore—  
The slaughter at Saguntum which slaked the thirsty shore,  
The tribes we smote on Tagus, all the actions of my youth,  
Passed bodily before me, till I trembled at their truth.

## V.

Then a deity descended, and touched me with his hand,  
And I saw outspread before me the fair Italian land;  
Its interwoven valleys, where the vine and olive grow,  
And the god who touched me, speaking, said gently—Rise and go!

## VI.

But I knelt and gazed, as gazing I would have aye remained—  
This was the destined labour—this was the task ordained—  
As like a dragon breathing fire, I was loosed to overrun  
These gardens of all flowers, these cities of the sun.

## VII.

Where on snow-fed Eridannus the sacred poplars grieve,  
Where the artists of Etruria their spells and garments weave;  
By a lake amid the mountains, by a gliding southern stream,  
Hosts and consuls fell before me;—I swear 'twas not a dream.

## VIII.

We smote them with the sling, we smote them with the bow,  
Libyan and Numidian, and Iberian footmen slow;  
And the elephants of Ind, and the lances of the Gaul,  
Bore the the standard of our Carthage, victorious over all.

## IX.

I heard the voice of wailing; I heard the voice of Rome,  
Then I knew my day was waning, I knew my hour was come;  
For to me a bound is given by the gods whom I obey,  
And the wail of Rome must usher in the evening of my day.

## X.

But I swear to thee, Silenus, since the vision of that night,  
When all the Tyrian deities were given to my sight,  
I cast no look behind me, I nurse no weak desires  
For the lovely one I quitted, for the palace of my sires.

## XI.

The daughter of Caluso, whose beauty thou hast seen,  
The ample halls of Barca, are as visions that have been ;  
The beloved ancestral city, with its temples and its walls,  
Has no message which my spirit from its destiny recalls.

## XII.

Beyond those peaks of crystal, my path lies on and on,  
Where the gods have drawn the channel, there must the river run ;  
For me, a tomb or triumph, exile or welcome home—  
But the Dragon of the vision must work its work at Rome.

T. D. M.

Montreal, December.

## HUNTING DOWN THE WALRUS ;

## OR, A SUMMER CRUISE AMID THE ICEBERGS.

CHILDHOOD and boyhood passed tranquilly away in my pleasant home by the Shannon side ; but as manhood approached, a host of undefined dreams and wild longings after adventure thronged my heart and brain, and exercised such an influence over me, that, though I struggled manfully against them for a time, I was at length conquered. I soon gratified my passion for adventure after a somewhat singular manner. Near us there lived an old gentleman by the name of Dick Blennerhasset, who in his youth had been an officer in the navy. Captain Dick, as we used to call him, was an old and tried friend of my father's, and during his visits to our house, the stories he was in the habit of telling me about his adventures had no small share in exciting my imagination. With him I was an especial favourite, for I was strong, active, and courageous, and in our frequent boating excursions together on the Shannon, I showed such an aptitude for everything nautical, that he was wont to declare, with several asseverations which shall be nameless here, that I was born to be a sailor. And a sailor I was determined to be in good earnest.

In vain did I beseech Captain Dick and my father to let me go on one of these voyages. They were both inexorable. But, nevertheless, I was determined to be off by some means or other. It was May eve, and Captain Dick had come over to bid my father good-bye, for the Kathleen was to sail next morning, should the winds permit. Again I made the modest request of which I have spoken ; again I was flatly refused, this time with a stern threat from my father, Heaven forgive me, his harsh tone only rendered me more obstinate in my determination ; so I left them to finish their punch, and stole quietly to my bed-room. There I packed up all my warmest clothing in a bundle, and with it cautiously decamped from the house, and made my way to the shore opposite which the Kathleen was lying quietly at anchor, with no one to watch her, for the crew were

all away at their different homes, bidding their friends farewell. I took a small punt which lay by the shore, rowed it outward, and in fine, after letting it drift quietly down the river, found myself upon the deck of the Kathleen.

The first object almost that my eyes lighted on was a tub of biscuits lying against the side of the vessel. From this I took an ample supply, and after abstracting a jar of water from several that lay near, I took my treasure down to the hold. As well as I could judge, it was about day-break when Captain Dick and his crew came on board. By their cheery voices I knew that the weather was favourable. At length the Kathleen was in full sail down the river, and after about three hours, I knew by the sound of waves from outside and the bounding motions of the vessel, that she was rounding Loop Head, and dancing out into the open sea. Oh! how I longed to be on deck, but the certainty of being sent back ignominiously by Captain Dick, kept me quiet in my dark and narrow lodging.

On the morning of the fourth day, my biscuits and water being gone, I resolved, come what would, to brave the anger of Captain Dick. He was standing near his cabin door as I walked boldly on deck. A cry of surprise from some of the men who observed me first, made him turn round. There I stood, pale and worn, confronting him, however, with a bold face. I shall never forget the look he gave me. Had a thunderbolt fallen and shivered the deck of his beloved vessel, he could not appear more astonished and confounded. After a roaring volley of nautical oaths, his next impulse was to seize a rope's end.

"You young lubber," said he, pausing, for he saw that I was not to be trifled with, "what will you do, when an hour hence I'll put you in on the shore of Donegal, and send you home to your father?"

"I'll never go home alive!" answered I boldly. There was a kind light in the old hero's eye at my determined manner, which was not lost upon me, for I knew his every mood. "Captain Dick," I continued, following up my attack, "you often said I was born to be a sailor. Let me go with you this once, and I promise I shall never offend either you or my father again!"

"Egad!" said he, shaking his head, "I suppose it must be so now. Into the cabin with you, and get your breakfast," continued he, severely, "and I'll see about a letter to your father telling him what you have done, and all about you."

Into the cabin I went, followed by the wrathful Captain Dick. After breakfast, during which I explained to him my mode of living in the hold, he sat down and wrote a letter to my father, promising the latter to bring me back safe from my Arctic adventures. We were now passing Tory Island, and I began wondering as to the fate of the letter, when our commander ordered the course of the Kathleen to be changed so as to run in towards the shore of Donegal. From a village there the letter was forwarded to the next post town, and in course of time, as I learned afterwards, it arrived safely at the Shannon side, and quieted the apprehensions of my father with regard to my disappearance.

We sailed again for the far north. The wind was still fair, and on the morning of the fifth day we saw the sun rising from between the Western Scottish Isles. The gigantic crags of St. Kilda towered upon our left about mid-day, and as night fell we came in sight of the rocky mass of Suliker looming before us in solitary grandeur over the desolate waste of waters. Here the wind, after veering round, blew almost a gale from the westward, and we were forced to change our course; for instead of holding on straight for the Faroe Isles, as intended, the Kathleen ran before the wind to the Shetlands. Towards morning the wind abated, and when the sun rose we were in the little bay of Lerwick, the capital of those islands. From this we took our departure in the evening with a fair wind, which happily continued till, on the 24th of May, after passing Rost, one of the Loffoden Islands, we sailed into the Folden Fiord, and cast anchor opposite Rorstad, a small Norwegian village.

In sailing into the Folden Fiord, the scenery is inconceivably grand and terrible. On the left are the Loffoden Islands, with their tremendous precipices, some detached rocks of them rising like naked and jagged spears thousands of feet over the waters of that wild sea—others stretching in gigantic barriers between the eye and the horizon, while from some of the islands, such as East and West Vaage, white pyramidal mountains shot up, far beyond the line of perpetual snow, their pointed summits glittering in the sun and making doubly blacker by the contrast the sombre precipices beneath, and the gloomy waters that for ever dash and roar through the perilous channels which intersect them. Right before you as you enter the Fiord towers up into the silent sky the stupendous mass of Sulitelma, the highest mountain in Europe beyond the Arctic Circle, with its successive forest zones of fir, pine and birch, its naked and shaggy rocks frowning grim above them in another desolate belt, along which no living thing, plant or bird, exists save a few alpine plants, and the *emberiza nivalis*, a small bird, a species of bunting, which occasionally enlivens the steeps with its solitary note; while high above all, forest, cliff, chasm, and girdle of rolling clouds, the mighty peak of the mountain itself throws up its many-tinted glaciers, white with snow.

The Folden Fiord has no strand. It runs inland for a length of about seventy miles, and seems to have been channelled in the lapse of ages by the action of the furious sea that for ever dashes against the Scandinavian peninsula! The naked and beetling crags, at either side, rise hundreds of feet sheer from the water's edge, except opposite Rorstad, where there is a break in the sable line of precipices, and where vessels of light burthen can anchor with safety. At Rorstad we remained for a week, making various arrangements, for here it was that Captain Dick Blennerhasset usually hired his harpooners before finally setting out for the shores of Spitzbergen. It was now, however, too early in the season for sailing northward. The ice had not yet completely broken up, and so the captain settled the point by proposing that we should spend a fortnight or so capturing salmon and other fish that swarm in the sounds between the Loffoden Isles. For this purpose he hired a small Norwegian vessel, and leaving the Kathleen with

part of her crew anchored before Rorstad, sailed away for Mosken and Varroa, two islands that lie respectively north and south of the reputed Maelstrom. The dire yarns which fishermen and northern voyagers relate of this celebrated spot seem to have rather an insecure foundation, for beyond the fact that the waters there are in a perpetual state of unrest and phrensy in consequence of the rocks, hidden and visible, that surround it, I saw no other indication of its being a whirlpool such as Jonas Ramus, Kircher, and other writers describe with such horrifying minuteness of detail. It is a perilous spot nevertheless, for when the tide is coming in, and the wind blows hard from the west, the waters rush with headlong fury over the rocks, so that the largest ship that comes within the action of the current runs a chance of being dashed to atoms against those treacherous crags.

After spending a week in the neighbourhood of the Maelstrom, around which there are excellent fishing grounds, we were joined by a numerous fleet of small craft belonging to Norwegian and Loffoden fishermen who were bound for the shores of West Vaage, to intercept the shoals of herrings that at this season swarm around the islands. Captain Dick, according to his usual custom, joined them, and the day after our arrival on the grounds was one which I shall never forget, for it very nearly put an end to my voyages and my life at the same time.

It was a calm evening, and the fishermen were industriously plying their nets, when we heard sounds like the confused bellowings of cattle, to the westward. We were in front of the wild inlet that indents the outward shore of West Vaage, and as we looked out we beheld a vast flock of the round-headed porpoise tumbling inward in pursuit of a shoal of herrings. Their appearance was like a regular signal of war. The fishermen instantly drew in their nets, and divided the boats into two fleets, so as to leave a free passage for the porpoises towards the shallow inlet. On they came, tumbling and gambolling about, sometimes bellowing with delight, as a more plentiful supply than usual of the doomed herring shoal rewarded their pursuit, till at last they dashed in helter skelter between the boats, the fishermen in high glee standing prepared, oar in hand, to follow them into the inlet. The quantity of oil obtained from this species of cetacea is both abundant and valuable. The command of the attack seemed by common consent to devolve upon Captain Dick, whom these wild fishermen knew and trusted wonderfully. At last he gave the word. The two fleets of small craft again joined, and away we went as fast as oars could carry us in pursuit of the Round-heads. A huge old bull porpoise seemed to be their leader in their headlong foray after the herrings. But he proved a bad general, for in the excess of his voracity he stranded himself upon a shallow part of the inlet. When the leader of a flock of this species of porpoise runs upon the beach, the rest are sure to follow. And so it turned out in this instance, for the whole flock was stranded in a moment.

An onslaught to equal that which followed I never witnessed. The whole fleet swept in after the shoal, and for a full half hour it was all mist,

and spray, and thunder, for the unwieldy porpoises in their fright, fury, and agony, as the wild islanders fell upon them with their oars and every weapon next to hand, bellowed and snorted, lashing the salt brine into white flakes and cataracts of blinding vapour yards over our heads. How some of the boats escaped being staved to pieces, I know not, for the islanders, in their eagerness to alay as many as possible of the affrighted round-heads, pulled at once into the midst of the shoal with their oars, and occasionally tumbling into the shallow water amidst the writhing bodies of their victims. It happened, whether by Captain Dick's skilful management I cannot say, that the boat in which we both were came in the midst of the uproar and confusion, alongside the unwary old bull, the author of the whole catastrophe. How he roared in terror, and churned the water, as the keel went with a dig into his side! Captain Dick drew forth a heavy double-barrelled pistol, and fired both the bullets into the animal's head, greatly to the admiration of the excited combatants near us, while I, with one of the oars, thrashed away at its huge body, till at length it sprang almost completely out of the water, and then lay immovable, and apparently dead, right before us.

The fight was over. The greater part of the immense flock of course escaped, but as we looked around us, we found that about thirty porpoises had fallen victims to our sudden attack. Captain Dick was so overjoyed at the successful issue of the affair, that he insisted on making the whole company of fishermen go on shore to regale themselves with the contents of a keg of Hollands, which he carried in the boat. After securing their prizes to the sides of their craft with ropes, they all followed the jovial captain on shore, and began to dispose of the Hollands with loud vociferations and many a shout of laughter. I, however, after drinking a small measure, remained behind in order to fasten the defunct old bull more securely, in which operation I was assisted by one of the fishermen, who, after running a long rope through the tail of the animal, and fastening it to the bow-end of the boat, followed his comrades.

The tide was coming in. I sat down in the boat, and after the day's fatigue readily fell asleep. How long I remained so I cannot well remember, but at all events, I dreamt that I was just after being elected, by the unanimous voice of the people, king of Norway, and that I was seated in the state carriage ready to drive off to Christiana to be crowned. What a bound forward the six horses gave as the grandly-dressed coachman cracked his whip. I awoke at the start, and found that instead of being placed in a regal carriage with innumerable admiring courtiers around me, and a crown in perspective, I was sitting in the boat at the mouth of Vagen Fiord, with what I first imagined to be some marine demon dragging me out to sea. It was no such thing. It was the old porpoise again apparently alive and well. These animals are very tenacious of life, and when the tide came in sufficiently high to float his huge body, it seems he recovered from the swoon, which we all imagined to be his last, and was now, in the fast gathering shades of twilight, carrying me and the boat right out to sea, at the furious rate of seven or eight miles an hour. I stood up in the boat, and

for a moment knew not what to do. I turned and shouted back to my companions, but my voice died unheeded upon the darkening waste of waters. I now plunged my hand to my side for the knife I wore, in order to cut the rope, but I had lost it in the struggle within the inlet. The oar was now my only resource. I took it and commenced hammering away at the rope, but could not make the slightest impression upon its strong, tarry fibres. The noise I made only made the desperate and enraged animal go the faster. I threw it from me, and fell upon the rope with the hope of chewing it asunder, but every jerk the porpoise gave as he dashed along, nearly tore the teeth from my jaws, and so I was forced at last to sit down quietly and submit to my fate, thankful that my tormenter did not take a dive, and carry me to the bottom at once.

The giant crags of West Vaage became dimmer and dimmer as I was borne along. I turned round in despair, and kept my eyes fixed wistfully upon their receding and ghostly pinnacles. In a few moments I was startled by a loud hollow fit of bellowing from the huge porpoise. A frantic plunge, and another short and savage bellow that almost curdled the blood in my veins, and then the boat stopped. I turned and looked forward, scarcely knowing what I did, and beheld the body of the terrible animal turned upside down, and lying helplessly on the water. While he dragged me along I thought a storm blew in my face. Now that the motion was stopped I found only a slight breeze. This, however, with the fresh tide, and the oars which I handled with a will that was sufficient to drive me back to Vaage Fiord, at the entrance of which I met Captain Dick and the whole fleet of fishermen rowing outward to my rescue. The porpoise, however, anticipated them. He died in the nick of time, and thus I escaped from the prank he played in his last struggle.

Another week passed away, during which we fished the sounds and fiords of Southern Loffoden, besides landing every day upon one or other of the islands, in order to look out for the numerous foxes that inhabit their wild valleys, or a stray bear after making its way over from the mainland. The captain and I shot a few foxes, but we found their fur not as valuable as we expected. No bear rewarded our search, and we sailed away for Rorstad, where we found the four harpooners on board the Kathleen, which was in good order, and ready to set sail at last, and bear us on our adventures to the Frozen Sea.

On the 12th of June, we bade farewell to Rorstad, and shaped our course towards the Moskoë-strom, in order to coast the Isles of Loffoden as we went north. As we sailed out through the Strom, a shoal of dolphins appeared in our wake, and accompanied us with wild and playful gambollings.

On the twentieth of June we doubled North Cape, and bore away for Spitzbergen. It was early in the season. The ice was just after breaking, and though there was danger from the bergs, still Captain Dick kept boldly onward, saying that the earlier we began sport the better. It was true for him. After beating about, on account of contrary winds, for some time, we came in sight of the frozen headlands of Spitzbergen on the first

of July, and here our sport commenced at last and in right good earnest. As we hove in sight of a small sheltered bay, formed in the side of a vast ice-field that had not yet broken up, we found it literally crammed with walruses. The old males of this species of *Pinnipedia* are exceedingly fierce and quarrelsome, often contesting the dominion of a herd in single combat, just as two stags amid the forest will fight for the sovereignty of a herd of deer. Something like this appeared to be going on as we came in sight of the little bay, for two immense bulls were on the ice, tearing and bellowing at each other, their companions squatted thickly around looking on stolidly at the struggle. So intent were they all on the issue of the combat that they took no notice of us, as we lowered and manned the three small boats carried by the Kathleen. The harpooners stood ready, weapons in hand, as we bore in upon them. At last they perceived us, and with a loud snorting and roaring, scrambled into the water, all except the two royal combatants, who seemed determined to finish their battle before turning their attention to our approach.

The captain and I fired at the same time, of course taking different animals. The wounds they received only maddened them the more, each imagining his own inflicted by the long tusks of his antagonist, and so to it they went again far more fiercely than ever, giving us time to reload and approach them nearer. A second bullet through the head of each confounded them somewhat; but it was only when they had received our first four times that they tumbled over in their dying struggles upon the ice.

We had now leisure to see how matters proceeded in the bay. One of the harpooners had pierced a young calf with his weapon, and the doleful cries made by the luckless animal, as it vainly endeavoured to escape, instead of dispersing the herd, only drew them in infuriated crowds round the boat, for they are excessively attached to their offspring. Leaving the bodies of the two bulls stretched upon the ice, Captain Dick and I rushed down to the water's edge, sprang into the boat, and put off instantly for the scene of conflict. Three full-grown walruses were struck and fixed by the remaining harpooners. After a few splashes and snorts of rage, the three plunged out to sea, endeavouring to escape, bearing the boats in mad career after them. Two of them were attached to one of the boats, and by their tremendous plunging went very near sinking her, till, as they passed, and one of them sprang almost out of the water, Captain Dick let fly both barrels of his rifle, sending the bullets most probably into the animal's brain, for it was soon quiet enough. The other, after a terrible struggle, was at length secured.

We pushed for the boat to which the calf and its mother were attached, many of the herd still roaring and splashing around them, and endeavouring with frantic efforts to drag them away, in which they nearly staved the boat against a half-sunken block of ice. The boatmen and harpooners did their work well, the former, as the opportunity offered, plying their oars like flails upon every animal that came within striking distance, and the latter attending with cool judgment to the letting out or drawing in of the ropes to which their barbed weapons were attached, according as their

victims dived, plunged forward, or rushed back at the boat in their fury, while Captain Dick and I, as fast as we could load, banged away into the midst of the raging herd, till the troubled waters around us became crimson with their fast-flowing blood. In an unlucky moment, however, I shot the young calf through the head, and stilled its cries. In half an hour afterwards, there was not a single walrus to be seen, save the bodies of the belligerent bulls upon the ice, and those we had captured in the little bay. It was a good day's work, notwithstanding, and Captain Dick expressed himself mightily pleased at the conclusion, as we both sat down to dinner in the warm cabin of the Kathleen.

As we coasted northward next day, we beheld on the far horizon line a jet of water projected to a surprising height into the air. It was a Greenland whale (*Balaena mysticetus*) expelling the water through his blow-holes, in order to drain his enormous jaws, probably after engulphing half a shoal of herrings into their labyrinths. We set off immediately in pursuit, but the gigantic monster was too wary for us, and soon gave us the slip. Towards evening we fell in with an iceberg crowded with walruses, and had another exciting hunt, in which we captured four. I still continue to refer to the different hours of the day, for so it was our custom to jot down the log of the Kathleen, although in point of fact, the sun never set, but wheeled continually in his ascending spiral through the sky, so that of course there was no night.

On the sixth of July we came in sight of the body of a beluga or white whale, which floated from behind an immense iceberg on our lee. Upon it was a white object, scarcely distinguishable at first from the huge body of the dead animal, but as we drew near, we found it to be a white, or polar bear, regaling himself with a meal of blubber. He soon perceived us, and instead of taking to the water, sat up on his hind legs like a huge ogre, to observe us better, and then with a savage and contemptuous growl, began to gorge himself again upon the carcass. Captain Dick, after loading the long swivel gun with a charge of small bullets and shot, let fly at him. A tremendous roar from the bear followed the report of the gun. He raised himself up, shook his shaggy sides in pain, and then plunged into the water, endeavouring to make his way to a neighbouring iceberg. We lowered a boat, into which I and Captain Dick at once sprang, and set forward in pursuit. The bear reached the iceberg, but as he attempted to climb its slippery sides, we both fired and killed him. In an hour afterwards his skin was hanging from the yard-arm of the Kathleen drying in the sun and breeze.

Until the second of August, we continued our forays after the walrus, and took a great many. During that time, besides two other bears and some black and white foxes, we killed half a dozen narwhals or sea unicorns. The tenth of August was a grand day with us. We came across an immense herd of walruses in one of the wild fiords of Spitzbergen, and after a two hours' onslaught, killed twelve of them. This was our last day off that desolate island. Getting ready our cargo, we sailed southward, and towards the end of August entered once more the Foulde

Fiord, and came to anchor opposite Rorstad. Here we remained for some time, preparing our cargo of tusks, blubber, and skins, during which Captain Dick and I made several excursions into the pine forests of Sulitelma, in search of the rein deer and the brown bear.

On the seventh of September, all things being prepared on board the Kathleen, we set sail from Rorstad, and on the first of October doubled Loop Head again, and sailed up the Shannon before a stiff breeze, which carried us safely home, where we were received with many expressions of wonder and satisfaction by my father. And thus I ended my first voyage.

R. D. J.

## PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

To the student of Irish history, as well as to the lover of the drama, the old Theatre of Kilkenny is filled with a deep interest. It saw the first dawning of some of the brightest intellects of our country,—the young and undeveloped genius of Grattan, the brilliant fancy and sparkling wit of Moore; the pure and lofty patriotism of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, have consecrated its walls, and with its decline expired the last faint remains of what might be called the Social Era in Ireland. From a very early period Kilkenny has occupied a prominent place in dramatic representation. The celebrated Ball, who in 1544 was Bishop of Ossory, produced two of his sacred comedies or mysteries, and, as he himself tells us, they were acted on the market-cross in that town. "On the XX daye of August was the Ladye Marye, with us at Kilkenny, proclaimed Queen of England, &c. The younge men in the forenone played a tragedye of God's Promises in the old Lawe, at the market crosse, with organe-plaingis and songs, very aply. In the afternone, again, they played a comedie of Sanct Johan Baptiste's Preachings of Christe's Baptisyng, and of his Temptacion in the wilderness." From that time when this venerable old worthy entertained his Queen with "organe-plaingis and songes" down to the middle of the last century, the stage in Ireland appears to have been in a very neglected condition. In 1600, while the immortal Shakespeare was delighting English audiences by the divine inspirations of his muse, a rude attempt at a tragedy was represented before Lord Mountjoy at the Castle of Dublin. In 1759, a desire to promote private theatricals manifested itself amongst the enlightened ranks of society in Ireland. A series of amusements of this kind took place at Lurgan, in the County Armagh,—the residence of William Brownlow, who was one of the most distinguished members of the Irish parliament.—Here the play of "Midas," by Mr. Kane O'Hara, was represented for the first time, and all the characters in the piece were sustained by the family, with the exception of the part of Pan, which the author reserved for himself.

These representations were about this period fashionable wherever wealth and taste were to be found in the country. The Right Hon. Thomas

Conolly gave a sort of theatrical jubilee at his residence at Thomastown, where an epilogue was spoken after the first part of Henry IV., by Hussy Burgh, one of the ablest and most accomplished men that the bar of Ireland has ever produced. The Duke of Leinster, too, gave a series of entertainments of this nature, and on one occasion when the Beggar's Opera was performed, the names of Lord Charlemont, Lady Louisa Conolly, and other distinguished persons, appear amongst the list of performers, Grattan and Flood subsequently appear, personating the two contending chieftains, Macbeth and Macduff. They were then young men, absorbed in all the gaieties of the time, and unconscious that the play was but a foreshadowing of the rivalry, which sprung up between them in later years. Grattan spoke an epilogue after a representation of the masque of Comus at the residence of the Right Hon. David La Touche. It was the only copy of verses which the great orator ever wrote. They are not remarkable for any poetical excellency, yet there is an easy flow in them, and a light humorous spirit, which is quite appropriate to the occasion for which they were written. Chief-Justice Bushe was the founder of the society in Kilkenny. Here all the wit and talent of the private stage was concentrated, it is but rarely we see genius of so luminous and diversified a character gathering round a private enterprise, and no more interesting phase occurs in our late history, for we can look into the lives of men whose whole exertions redounded to the honour of our country, and there see them freed from the restraints and formalities of political life, yet bearing all the evidences of that power which was destined to startle and delight future ages as well as the age in which they lived.

There are no traces of private theatricals amongst the Greeks, and this has been attributed to the fact, that as no stigma attached to the profession of an actor, persons of the most exalted position frequently made their appearance on the boards of a theatre, some of the greatest poets of Greece—*Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Aristophanes*, frequently took part in representing some of the characters in their own works, and even *Aristodemus*, the great actor, and contemporary of *Demosthenes*, was sent as ambassador to the court of Philip. The moral and political influence which the drama exercised in Greece was immense. In every other species of poetry the sympathies are merely passively engaged; the mind is led back into the past, and associated with mere historical characters; there is no present active interest created. But in dramatic performance, it is not alone a narrative, but also a living, actual representation, there is a thorough realization of the events described; the spectator makes one of the characters, his attention is more absorbed, he regards it more in the light of a passing reality, and becomes more identified with their hopes, and fears, and passions.

In the Greek drama the peculiar political bias of the writer is always clearly discernible; he makes the sentiments uttered by his characters the vehicle of his own views. In order to understand the means used by the Greeks for the representation of their plays, a description of the theatre itself is necessary. The theatre of *Dionysius*

was situated on a sloping hill, commanding a beautiful prospect of the surrounding country, and encircled by an open arcade, adorned with numerous statues. Benches descended towards the orchestra, in a semicircular fashion. The lower seats were occupied by persons who had rendered distinguished services to their country, and a part was also set apart for the young men. It was of vast dimensions. As the performance took place only a few days in the spring, from different portions of the country crowds assembled to enjoy a participation in the festival; day after day the theatre was filled from early dawn until dusk of night. It had no roof. The bright sky, the trees, and the green fields which, from the construction of the theatre, were always visible, supplied the place of artificial scenery. This union of the fictitious with the real was constantly aimed at by all the old Greek dramatists. Schlegel remarks that in the *Eumenides* the spectators are addressed once by the Pythoness, as the Greeks assembled in front of the Delphic Oracle, and by Pallas, as the Athenian people, in the Court of the Areopagus. The Acropolis is pointed out as really before the eyes of the audience, and allusion is made to some object within their view, associated with an exciting historical incident. The reality of it catches the interest, and kindles the sympathy of the listener, and the event rises before his mind more vividly, because he looks upon the actual scene of its occurrence. From the outdoor nature of theatrical representations, the play had generally connexion only with what occurred in the open air; but to the Greek, most of whose life was spent under the genial sunshine of his own fair clime, this was not unnatural. The Agora was the place for lounging and gossiping. The lectures of the philosophers were listened to under the shade of the grove and by the river; in fact, the domestic existence of a Greek was essentially one outside his own house.

A parallel has been drawn between Greek tragedy and the opera of modern times, but there appears to be but few points of resemblance. In Greek tragedy, the whole of the play, with the exception of the choral odes, was spoken, and not sung; music is the first consideration in an opera, whilst the play itself holds but a subordinate position; but in the Greek drama, its literary excellence was chiefly regarded, and the poetical element was always allowed to predominate over the musical. With the age of Sophocles and Euripides, when the drama flourished, the brightest period of Athenian glory is associated.

Among the Romans, the profession of actor was pronounced by law to be infamous, and no person of free birth was to be found on the stage. This feeling naturally gave rise to private performances. Amongst a people so refined, a taste for theatrical personation should somewhere find vent, and so we find a species of satirical drama, called *Attellane* or *Exodia*, in which the young Roman nobility took part, but from which all professional players were rigorously excluded. In the representation of these plays, we meet the first evidence of anything like dramatic exhibition; they were merely improvisatory farces, without much dramatic connexion, and

from their heterogeneous character, acquired the title of *Saturæ*, or a mixture of everything. The *Mimi* was another description of theatricals common amongst the Romans; they are supposed to be copied from the Greek *mimi*, but the latter were mere dialogues, never represented on the stage, the Roman were often delivered extempore. The most celebrated authors in this way were Laberius and Cyrus, contemporaries of Julius Cæsar. The degradation which was attached to employment on the stage is well illustrated by the prologue delivered by Laberius, a Roman knight, when compelled by Julius Cæsar to appear publicly in one of those plays—

‘Twice thirty years I’ve borne a spotless name,  
But foul dishonour brands at length my brow;  
From home this morn a Roman knight I came,  
And home a jester I’m returning now.  
Ah, would that I had died ere men could say,  
‘He has outlived his honour by a day.’”

When dramatic poetry was revived in Italy, it was only in private theatres that any advances in the cultivation of the art was made. The first Italian tragedy was written by Politian, towards the end of the fifteenth century, and the *Orfeo* was performed before all the wit and beauty of Florence.

The example set by Politian was soon followed by Cardinal Bibbiera, who wrote the comedy of *Calandra*, and was honoured by a representation of his play at the Vatican in the private apartments of Leo the Tenth. Scenery was then universally brought into a play, and was characterized by all that gorgeous pageantry for which the Italian nobility have so great a love. This passion for private acting was not confined to those who passed their lives amidst the pleasures and gaieties of the world; it was also introduced into concerts and monasteries, and we find Addison speaking of the theatrical amusements of the nuns at the time he visited Venice in 1701.

In the criticisms of some French writers on the growth of dramatic literature in Italy, they impute to the modern Italians a deficiency in dramatic power, for which their great ancestors were remarkable; it is certain that some of those great writers who have shed the brightest lustre on the literary fame of Italy, had passed away before the dramatic art had gained any degree of excellency; the poetry of Petrarch, and the simple and beautiful prose of Boccaccio, had brought their language to a high stage of development, near a century and a half before any play in the language was attempted. From the great triumvirate of the fourteenth century down to nearly the close of the fifteenth, the only evidence of vitality which the dramatic muse of Italy exhibited, was the occasional representation of one of the plays of Plautus or Terence, or a Latin play by one of the academicians of Sienna. There is no country in Europe where the details of private theatricals are more interesting than in Italy. Lady Morgan, in her life of the celebrated painter, Salvator Rosa, gives a lively and interesting account of the state of the private theatrical exhibitions of that

period. The following extract presents an admirable picture of the style in which they were conducted :—

"After some trifling delay the usual note of preparation sounded, the curtain drew up, to the delight and surprise of the audience. The popular *formacc* of the carnival came forward for the prologue, habited as the Calabrese Coviello, in the character of the *dirretore* or manager of the theatre. He was followed by a crowd of young actors, demanding the "*soggeto*" of the drama they were about to act with clamorous importunities. The preliminary gesticulations, the first accent of the Neapolitan district of Coviello, set the house in a roar, and laughter, holding both his sides, indulged himself freely, after his long privation on the benches of the *Fonderia*. When silence was restored, Coviello opened the prologue, by explaining to his followers the reason of his giving into so idle an amusement as that of acting plays, and after a humorous description of the arduous of a Roman summer, and its enervating effects, not only on the body but on the mind, he began to dictate the plan and object of the play he was about to present, when, to the utter amazement of many, and to the great consternation of all, Coviello, in dictating rules for a genuine Italian comedy, introduced as faults to be avoided, and ridicules to be laughed at, the very scenes, the dialogues, and even the new-fangled machinery of the applauded theatre of the Vatican."

The persons who took part in the intellectual gaieties of this brilliant period were chiefly artists and ecclesiastics. One of the greatest objections which Milton seems to have had to academical education was, that persons intended for the church, who, in his opinion, should not stoop to such levities as plays, were permitted to do so. "Writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the duties and dishonest gestures of Trincalos, buffoons, &c., in the eyes of courtiers and court ladies, their grooms and mademoiselles."

Pastoral subjects, such as the *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido*, were always performed in the open air, for they believed the rural scenery of the gardens and the blue canopy of an open sky more appropriate than theatre or hall. In France, too, the drama first made its appearance on the private theatre. In Italy, however, the drama was encouraged and patronised exclusively by the nobility; but in France it was altogether the work of the *bourgeois*. A society of private actors was formed about the beginning of the reign of Charles VI., and the object of their representations appeared to have been to satire good humouredly the manners of the nobility. All attempts in dramatic literature were confined to the private stage, until the beginning of the seventeenth century. When the tragedies of Corneille appeared, Madame Maintenon kept a private theatre at which all the wits of that age attended. And Voltaire's passion for private theatricals was so strong, that wherever he went he made it one of the necessary adjuncts of his establishment.

When at Ferney he gave dramatic entertainments, to which guests from twenty leagues distant were invited, and it is recorded of him, that at Berlin he used to perform tragedy with the brothers and sisters of the king. In the following reign, private theatricals took their tone from the performances of the court, and we find the beautiful and unfortunate Maria Antoinette entering into all those amusements with a zest and enthusiasm which diffused itself through every grade of society at the time. She

was the most brilliant and talented of all, and her beauty and accomplishments won for her universal applause whenever she appeared. A favourite practice of the court, at the time, was to mimic the sittings of the parliament in a sort of mock heroic pantomime. To this succeeded ballets, and to such excess was this practice carried at the time, that Charles X. took lessons in rope-dancing from the celebrated *Petit Diable* of that reign. These levities gradually died out, and regular acting followed. The king, it appears, was averse altogether to these exhibitions, and hissed the Queen on her first appearance, in order to discourage what he considered to be inconsistent with the dignity of the court.

In England the rise and progress of the drama has been very nearly the same as in France. The sacred comedy or mystery was the first appearance of the histrionic art which we see recorded, and the schools and universities the theatres of its earliest representation. "*Gammer Gurton's Needle*," was acted at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1522, and seems to have been about the first attempt at anything like regular comedy in the language.

About forty years after there were plays represented before Elizabeth in English as well as Latin, and it is recorded that a play written by a learned Doctor of Divinity of Cambridge had the effect of putting James I. to sleep. The old annalists attach a wonderful importance to this incident, and judging from all they say about it, it would appear that his majesty's nap formed one of the most interesting phases in the history of the drama. Another class of private actors, who contributed much to improve the dramatic taste of the nation, were the gentlemen of the Inns of Court. John Roos, a student of Gray's Inn, and afterwards Sergeant-at-law, wrote a comedy, which was performed in the hall of the society in 1511, and the first specimen of heroic play in the English language, the tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex*, was acted by the students of the Inner Temple in the year 1561 before Elizabeth at Whitehall. The representation of plays was fashionable amongst the private circles of the highest classes in France and Italy, long before public actors appeared; but in England mercenary players were in existence from the very infancy of the drama, and the only time when the nobility appeared as actual performers, was on some solemn occasion—the anniversary of a great victory, or some other events important in the history of the nation. These displays gradually became more refined, the genius of Jonson and Milton imparted to them a more elevated character, and we find plays under the title of masques performed by the highest and proudest nobility of England, the *Orcades* of Milton was performed by the children of the Countess Dowager of Derby at her seat, Horefield Place, and the *Comus*, says Johnson, "was presented at Ludlow, then the residence of the Lord President of Wales in 1634, and had the honour of being acted by the Earl of Bridgewater's sons and daughters." In the reign of Charles II. an attempt was made to revive these plays. A masque called "*Calista*" was performed by Mary and Anne, the two future Queens, and in this play it appears the Duke of Monmouth appeared as one of the dancers. Evelyn gives the

following account of this representation—"Saw a comedy at night at court, acted by the ladies only; amongst them Lady Mary and Anne, his R. H.'s two daughters, and my dear friend Mrs. Blagg, who having the principal part, performed it to admiration."

During the saintly reign of Oliver Cromwell, these representations were rather frequent. They were always clandestine, however, yet the desire to preserve the public mind from being scandalized gave an impetus to private theatricals, and we find, notwithstanding that such things were under the ban of Oliver's displeasure, the houses of the nobility were enlivened by frequent dramatic performances. Amongst the memorabilia of private theatres, we find an anecdote of Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan going together in a hackney cab to attend a private play at Richmond House. Private theatricals are not now so much in fashion as they were formerly. The public theatre, with all the attractions of modern art, has completely absorbed all private enterprise in that line; but from this short and hasty review of the history of private theatricals, and the immense public and social influence which they have ever exercised, it will be seen that it was a custom so intellectual in character, so calculated to promote harmony and classic enjoyment, that its decadence amongst us must be a source of deep regret.

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### A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

THE following incident occurred in the county of Kilkenny some thirty or forty years since. I have often heard my father relate it, as we sat over the blazing peat fire at home, and for its truth and accuracy as thus told he could well vouch, for he was himself a principal in the occurrence. I have chosen it from amongst many of his other tales, as I think it shows touchingly how, even amid scenes of agitation and excitement, the ennobling instinct of gratitude never deserts the heart of the Irish peasant.

At the time I write of Whiteboyism had widely spread in Kilkenny, and particularly in the district which was the scene of the following event. The government was striving with a strong hand to crush it; but, as yet, vainly, and despite some arrests and convictions, nightly meetings, money exactions, forced from the timid by threats of violence, and acts of turbulence and open defiance of the law, were of frequent occurrence. My father, in common with many other gentlemen, had long made himself odious to the unhappy men who led or followed in this wild warfare, by determined refusal to pay money demanded in anonymous epistles, filled with appalling threats in the event of refusal; as well as by repeated efforts to secure the arrests of some of the principal offenders. In these efforts my father, then a young man, made himself conspicuously active, and received in return the deep and deadly hate of the Whiteboys. Thus he drew upon himself the particular aversion and enmity of these lawless men, who were the terror

of the peaceably disposed of the inhabitants, and many looked upon him as a victim marked out for the bullet at the first favourable opportunity. Those were fearful times for the weak and timid—the wild year of 1822. Every evening, as regularly as the night fell, the master of a house would go around to assure himself, with his own eyes, that the doors and windows were securely barred and chained; and so great was the daring of the Whiteboys, that they would at times, on my father's steady refusal to send them money, assemble in large numbers in front of the house, and commence firing volleys upon it to enforce compliance.

Matters were in this state when information reached a detachment of soldiers then quartered in ———, that Jack Heffernan, the noted Whiteboy, was concealed in some part of the townland of W——. A strong party of the ——— Highlanders, under the command of a mounted magistrate, was sent forthwith to search the place. They did not, as they expected, surprise the Whiteboy in his lair, but they caught sight of him as he was trying to effect his escape, and instantly gave him chase. For several miles, now appearing to view, now lost under some cover, Heffernan led them across the country, until at length they saw him leap over the high ditch which separated my father's land from the high road. The soldiers saw he was able to go very little farther now, for, owing to the tortuous course he had taken, to throw them out, the chase had been much harder on him than on them, and they conjectured he would conceal himself somewhere near, a supposition heightened by the fact, that they could see no trace of the fugitive on gaining the other side of the ditch. A short consultation was held in this dilemma. My father, to whom, as a notably loyal man, they wished to apply for advice and assistance, was from home at the time, visiting a farm of his in the neighbouring county, but he was expected to return by two or three o'clock, so they proceeded, in his absence, to institute the closest search on all the premises for the Whiteboy. Not a ditch or dyke, not a limekiln, not a clump of trees, or underwood, not a ridge or furrow, not a hay stack, or straw rick but was searched, whilst with their bayonets they dived and probed into every cover "to unearth the d——d rascally Whiteboy." The search was making but slow progress when my father returned. Hearing what was going forward he left his gig to the servant to take home by the road, and took a short cut across the fields himself, to join the soldiers, whom he saw eagerly searching the thick and tangled ditch whereon grew multitudes of sloe-bushes, at the top of the field. It was a glorious spring evening, such a one as we are not often blessed with in this changeful clime. The long shadows lay peacefully on the frost-crisped grass. Every sound was clearly audible in the calm stillness of the spring evening; the little babbling brook, the ploughman's whistle, and anon words of reproof or encouragement to his lagging horses; the gay laugh of the light-hearted peasant girl, as she bandied words with some rustic admirer; the sound of the gig driving briskly home; the call of the plover; and, over and above all, the noisy cawing of the rooks, as they wheeled here and there, or alighted on the trees in which they had already commenced to build their nests. It was an evening to touch the heart,

There is something mournfully tender, I think, in a spring sunset, and who shall say but it had its effect on my father, (although not given to sentimentalism) as he toiled up the steep hill, the summit of which was crossed by the ditch which the soldiers were engaged in searching. The hill, as I have said, was steep and abrupt, and perfectly open to the eye from the absence of plantations. Not a tree or shrub dotted its bare side except one rugged old thorn, which looked centuries old, and stood on the elevated side of a small pit, not more than two and a half feet deep at its deepest side. Time, or nature, or some other cause, had hollowed it out beneath the tree which bent slightly over it; and whilst it was perfectly observable to anyone ascending the hill, it was hidden by the fall of ground and the intervention of the tree from the view of those above. The shallow pit lay directly in the path my father was making across the field. He was absorbed in thought, and perhaps, Whiteboy hater though he was, some pity for the hunted fugitive touched his heart, as he heard the brutal curses, so strangely out of place in the holy quietude of the still evening, which disappointment wrung from the soldiers, as thicket after thicket was searched, and still no Heffernan appeared. Suddenly he stopped short, rivetted to the spot. There in the shallow hollow, lying flat upon his hands and face, lay the Whiteboy himself, trying his last chance for life. His bronzed face was deadly pale, whilst the cold dew of exhaustion and terror stood upon his brow, over which, damp and matted, streamed his long tangled hair. One might have supposed him to be dead, so still he lay, but the wild vigilant blue eye, painfully strained and distended, darkened in terrible despair, as one whom he looked upon as a bitter and merciless enemy stood before him.

"Misther Brown, me life is in your hand; for the love of God, sir, don't give me up." Every syllable of that intense whisper, filled with the man's strong desire of life, reached my father's ear, and his heart, previously so hardened against the hunted outlaw, was softened by the spectacle of his wretchedness, and the thought of the dreadful fate which capture would entail on him. In that one brief moment mercy and humanity struggled against the sterner feelings which had so long been harboured in his breast, and conquered. But conscious that any word of his might be heard by the soldiers, so close were they to where the fugitive lay, he only bent his head and passed on to join them.

We are all inclined to like those on whom we have conferred a benefit, and he now hoped with hardly less fervour than did Heffernan himself, that the hunted man might escape. Having exchanged a few words with the searchers, he left them, and went into the haggard close by, whence he could watch the result of a search on which he knew the life or liberty of a fellow-being depended. The inquisition was most minute, but still fruitless, for it never occurred to them to search the hill-side over which the eye could sweep so freely.

At length, the shades of evening grew darker and darker, and then convinced that further search was useless for the present, the soldiers gave up in despair. My father's heart lightened as he saw them take their de-

parture. Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed, and he was beginning to think that Heffernan must have already taken his departure unperceived by him, or must intend to remain until it was perfect night, when a dark form slowly arose from the hill-side, keeping within shade of the thorn-tree. Cautiously he gazed about him for a moment, and then, as if assured of safety, the Whiteboy stepped forth, and my father saw him walk away with long rapid strides, but with apparent boldness and unconcern. He watched him until the strong athletic figure was lost in the gloom of twilight, and then with a heart rendered strangely light, turned his steps homewards.

Nearly a year had passed since that death-and-life chace had taken place. It was a keen February evening that my father rode over to the house of a friend, distant some four or five miles. A bachelors' dinner-party was being given to celebrate the birth day of the host, Mr. S——, and as my father trotted onward a few paces in advance of his servant, recalling to mind all the pleasant fellows he would surely meet, the merry hearts, who loved a good song, a good hunt, well as he himself did; the prospect of the genial dining-room, with its blazing fire, was anything but unpleasing, for the evening was one that did not invite a traveller to remain long abroad. It was an intensely cold one, in, as I have said, the month of February; the wind moaned sullenly and hoarsely, and heavy lowering clouds boded badly for the night. My father, too thorough a sportsman to heed any weather, rode briskly on, and soon was standing before just such a fire as he had pictured to himself, in the centre of a circle of gay friends. As dinner had only waited for him, not many minutes elapsed before they were seated at it, with all the unrestraint and abandon of an out-and-out bachelor party. Twenty-three chosen friends sat down, all young, careless, and light-hearted. The dinner needed not the appetite my father's brisk ride had given him, to make it palatable. To dinner succeeded the steaming punch-bowl, the good song, the good jest, the *good story*—truly good in the masculine acceptation of the word. The night was far advanced before the party broke up. My father was one of the first to leave.

"I say Dick, old fellow," said his host, who had accompanied him into the hall, "you'll have a wild night of it; make yourself up well, its raining and blowing deucedly hard."

"Pooh, pooh, man, it's nothing!" said my father who, probably, felt he had sufficient interior warmth to make him impervious to any weather, "nothing to what you and I often faced before. There now, in with you out of the rain; good night my hearty," and off he rode.

A wild night it truly was when, leaving the well-wooded and sheltered lawn of H——, he turned into the highroad towards home. The rain beat pitilessly against his face, the wind swept over the bare, bleak hills, and whistled through the leafless trees. The road was hilly and uneven in the extreme, and in the uncertain light it was dangerous to put the horse on his mettle. The rider, too, was quite alone, for his servant, (a circumstance thoroughly characteristic of the times), was found, when his services were

needed, to have partaken so largely of the good cheer of the servants' hall, that he was, in their own parlance, "too blind blazing drunk," to be able to mount his horse, and had to be left behind. It was not a pleasant position for a man, who had earned for himself such unenviable notoriety amongst the Whiteboys. To be traversing at two o'clock in the morning, this wild, lonely road, in the most disturbed district of the county, alone, unarmed, and not a single habitation near. My father, however, thought less of these things at the moment, than he might have at almost any other time. And if he regretted his servant's absence at all, it was more that he had no one near him to whom he could tell what a deuced good fellow Richard S—— was. And still the blinding downpour of rain, the fierce gusts of wind continued. My father drew his great coat higher up, folded his warm comforter more tightly around his throat, and then bending down his head almost to his breast, the better to resist the storm, allowed the horse to follow his own "promptings." He had proceeded nearly half the way, and the worst part of the road was left behind him, when on a sudden, a loud "Stand there!" fell startlingly on his ear, and at the same moment a rough hand grasped the horse's head, whilst four or five more figures emerging from the gloom of the ditch, under which they had been lying, sprang out upon the road, and surrounded him on all sides. In an instant my father realized the truth of his terrible position; he was in the hands of the Whiteboys, and albeit no coward, his cheek blanched and his lip paled, as he recognised in the foremost of the group the two Ryals, the most dreaded Whiteboys in the country around, and the most inimical to him.

"We'll throuble ye to get down, yer honour," said Mick, or, as he was commonly called, Black Mick Ryal, the elder of the brothers, in a tone ominously civil.

"What's all this, boys?" said my father, assuming a courage he by no means felt, and speaking civilly to conciliate them; "surely you're not going to interfere with a gentleman who is no way interfering with you. Go your way, and let me go mine."

"Thank ye for the lave," said one of the men, with an insolent laugh, "however, we must throuble ye to get down, sir, av ye don't think ye'll durty yer shoes."

My father's heart sank within him. He knew his men well, and that this tone of jeering civility was never employed, save when their prey was in their hands, and their hearts filled with the deadly vengeance they were about to execute on him. Still he tried not to show fear; he knew if he did it was all up with him.

"I say, my good fellows, let the horse's head go; this is not a night for any of us to be standing, and here are a couple of guineas for you to get something to drink at Darcy's," and he bent towards the man at the horse's head.

The Whiteboys had no idea, whatever might be their ultimate intention, of refusing the money. The man held out his hand to receive it, when my father, taking advantage of a moment he was likely to be off his guard,

dag the spurs into his horse's side, causing him to spring violently. Quick as was the movement, the Whiteboy was not off his guard. With almost superhuman sinew he bore the sudden shock without letting go his hold, and the next instant the united strength of four men had dragged my father from the saddle, and he stood alone, unarmed and surrounded, even the imperfect light showed that, by dogged and frowning faces.

"Be ——," exclaimed Black Ryan, savagely, "av ye think yer goin' to escape that a way, yer mistaken. I'll soon put ye from bringing any of our necks to the halther. An ounce av lead done many a better man's business," and the sharp metallic click of the trigger rang out most unpleasingly, and drove the blood back upon my father's heart, with a sudden rush that was agonizing.

"Boys, think what you're about," he cried pleadingly, "and don't have my blood upon your hands, if you don't want the country to become too hot to hold you. I am Mr. Brown of Brownmore."

It was as a dernier resort he announced himself. Well he knew how that name was hated by those whom he addressed, but still he hoped, faintly it is true, that they might hesitate to murder one in his position, whose death would surely set the country in a blaze, and bring all the soldiers about their ears.

He did not know the recklessness of the man he addressed.

"Do you think that's news to us," said the younger Ryal savagely, "yer not such a stranger to the people as all that, Misther Brown, that we wouldn't know ye. We seen ye too often in our cabins lately, with the sogers at yer back, and we don't want yer company any more that away," and another click, and he too fell back a few paces as if for surer aim.

The incidents it has taken so long to relate passed in a few seconds, and my father's life hung almost on a hair. In that one terrible moment, whilst the deadly weapons yet held fire, what a host of thoughts rushed upon his mind. Many a wild and careless deed, many a reckless night's dissipation, many and many an act, looked upon as harmless then, rose appallingly before him now, as he stood upon the verge of eternity, and his happy home, and the loved ones it contained, would come before him to add to his despair, for escape seemed utterly impossible now. But his last words had fallen on other ears than those to whom they were addressed. Another Whiteboy was leisurely approaching the party to see what was going on, but as my father's name was thus pronounced, it seemed to electrify him. With a sudden bound, he sprang into the centre of the group, repeating, as he dashed up the levelled muskets, "Mr. Brown of Brownmore—stand back there boys. Be ——, the first man lays a hand on him, I'll send the contents of this through his body," and the herculean form of Jack Heffernan placed itself between my father and the Ryals. The latter fell back, and a hoarse, sullen murmur of dissatisfaction ran along even those who had hitherto been inactive, whilst Black Ryal grasped his musket and muttered with an oath,

"We'll know why thin, 'fore he 'scapes, the informer and blackhearted thraitor."

Heffernan drew himself up and looked around him, grasping still in his right hand the pistol he had drawn from his breast in the first moment of excitement, then taking a step forward, he said—

“Boys, it’s not a twelvemonth ago now since the sojers was on me thrack. Like blood-hounds they folleyed me, an’ we niver hunted down a mad dog, in the dog-days, as they hunted me that day, until I could go no farther, an’ lay down in wan o’ Misther Brown’s fields. An’ he kem upon me an’ I lyin’ there, and the sojers within twenty yards; an’ I tould him to take me life av he wished, for ’twas in his hands, but he scorned to throw wather on a dhrowned rat, and he pass’d on, an’ niver made thim the wiser. I swore then that av I lived I’d pay him back for that day’s work, an’ I’ll keep me swear, an’ it’s not ye’ll be hindherin’ me, boys, from givin’ him his life for the life he gev me.”

There was a strange thrilling power in that wild address, that made itself felt. The men grouped silently and sullenly together, unwilling, as it seemed, to be balked of their prey, and yet not insensible to the appeal made to them. Heffernan took advantage of the pause, grasping my father’s hand, which he pressed with iron force, “Now thin, sir, here’s yer horse,” and as the latter, nothing loth, threw himself into the saddle, he added in an emphatic whisper, “ride straight home, an’ niver mind to spare yer baste, and don’t forget Jack Heffernan.” He fell back as he spoke, and my father needed no second warning. For an instant, however, ere he started, he bent down and grasped the hand of his manly preserver, the next he was galloping with headlong speed on his homeward way. On he went, nor paused, nor slackened his pace for one moment, until his own gates were reached. A quarter of an hour more, and he was within the shelter of his house, and as he gazed at each familiar object, and thought how near he had been of never seeing them again, he blessed the moment in which he had saved the Whiteboy’s life, which act of mercy and humanity had been, under heaven, the cause of raising up a friend to him in his hour of need.

F. M. B.

## THE BOY AND THE RIVER.

EARLY in the sweet Spring time, while country maids go Maying,  
Along a shining river's bank a noble boy was playing;  
He sported 'mid the peeping flow'rs, he chased the loitering bee,  
And of all glad and happy things, the happiest was he.  
Yet oft he paused in his delight, and pensively would say,  
"O river, bright and beautiful, where rollest thou away?"

When Spring was gone, came there the boy as glowing summer shone,  
And still with pleasing murmurs, full rolled the river on.  
The boy was sad, tho' gay the banks with many a floral child,  
No more for him the primrose oped her eye of beauty mild;  
The birds' sweet song before so glad, to his ear seemed to say,  
'Alas, the rolling river bore thy primrose flow'r away."

In passionate lamentings the boy bewailed the flower,  
Until he saw a violet that bloomed beside a bower,  
(As modestly she raised her eyes above a veil of green,  
And peeped into the bower almost dazzled by its sheen).  
"Oh this," cried he, "is beautiful, as was my primrose dear,  
Sure thou art come, bright blue-eyed joy, my lonely heart to cheer."

The morning 'rose and found the boy lone, wandering by the tide,  
The flow'r he saw on yester eve had faded, withered, died;  
Alas! alas! what change is here? the bow'r last eve so gay  
Is bloomless, voiceless, desolate, and all around decay.  
Hark! hark! a voice, 'twas heard before; and now to him did say,  
"Thy flow'r, the bow'r, and all its charms, that river bears away."

"O voice sad sounding, whence art thou? and strange words thou dost say,  
Why should this rapid river bear the flow'rs of earth away?  
The primrose dead, and violet, the bower is bleak and sere—  
Say, what art thou? and why, all gone, dost thou still linger here?  
Or, in thy turn, must thou too go—borne by this tide away?  
O river full of mystery! where rollest thou alway?"

By winds of winter strown in death, in many rustling ranks,  
The forest leaves lie scattered o'er that rolling river's banks;  
The naked trees in shivering fear shrink from the ruthless storm,  
Yet, suppliant, beg to live until the coming spring is warm;  
Th' unpitying winds but mock their pray'r; the stout old trees decay,  
And by that rolling river, as the flowers, are borne away.

Years—years have passed; that pensive boy has grown an aged man,  
Various were the climes and scenes thro' which the wand'rer ran;

The wedded partner of his love had long—how long—left earth,  
And followed two fair opening flowers that owed to her their birth.  
He was alone in all the world—and solitude brings thought—  
And vivid memory to him his happy childhood brought.

He felt the old old times again when he, a frolic boy,  
Went bounding by that river's bank a type of guileless joy,  
And o'er him came a yearning, and a fond desire to see  
The home of his forefathers in the distant West Country;  
And, as a pilgrim, travel-tired yet gains the place of stay,  
So reached he the fair river whose deep waters roll away.

And in a happy reverie he lay down on its bank,  
And lulled by pleasing memories into soft slumber sank;  
He saw his primrose love again, the violet once more,  
And in his dream with tears of joy he kissed them o'er and o'er—  
When hark! the voice his slumber broke, and thus he heard it say,  
"I'll show thee where the waters of this river roll away."

Behold—he raised his eyes, and lo! the earth was warm and green  
And winding clear thro' flowery vales the placid river's seen  
Rolling still onward, on it rolls 'till the horizon's rim,  
O'er its far waters rolling, still stretches a boundary dim.  
The night came down, the morning dawned; west speed the steeds of day,  
And still right onward, cloud or sun, that river rolls away.

With weary eyes the wondering man again sank into sleep,  
Anon he 'waked from slumber, and snow on earth lay deep;  
"Alas!" sighed he, "young Spring is gone, Summer has breathed adieu,  
And gentle winds and leafy trees have Autumn died with you;  
And I have wandered all that time, by night, by noon, and day,  
'To find where rolled the waters of this mystic flood away."

"Vain dreamer, man," resumed the voice, "'tis time thou dream no more,  
Idle the thought that thou shalt see that rolling river's shore;  
Dost think its sands are golden; that when the tide is gone  
Thou'lt find the wealth was hidden while the river rolled still on?  
Shake off thy sloth, O fool! arise, and on that swelling tide  
Launch thy good bark, that built for use, upon its waves should ride,  
Fair winds shall blow, and trim shall go, thy stout bark thro' the sea,  
And tho' storm come, if guided well, she'll ride triumphantly."

But if—the Dreamer 'wakened—flowers bloom, the sweet birds sing,  
Yet still that voice sad sounding, rose above the sounds of spring—  
"O warning voice! thou com'st too late," the aged Dreamer cried,  
As tottering o'er that river's bank, he slipped into the tide.  
Last time the voice in awful tone he heard ere sinking, say,  
"Thou wilt not not avail thee now to know where rolls the flood away."

JOHN DUGGAN.

## ABOUT NERVES AND NERVOUS PEOPLE.

EVERYBODY has nerves in our days. Formerly they were the possession of fine ladies only. The march of intellect would seem to have brought the human race up with the fine ladies, and that institution denominated the human race, now enjoys what was once a special privilege of that portion of our species which walks in silks and beauty, paint and polish, lolls in carriages or on fauteuils, and yet has the special dispensation of drawing rooms, eau de Cologne, and small talk.

The simplest bumpkin, or the tiniest cit, who has so small a malady as a toothache, will tell how the pain proceeds from a nerve within the receptacle of bone and enamel, of which the molar, canine, or incisor dental individual is composed. Startle either of those personages, give them a good shock, and they will at once exclaim that their nerves are quite disturbed. Those are facts of mental progress, which ought to be very satisfactory to teachers of our generation. The human race beginning to know that it has nerves, will soon begin to enquire what those same nerves must be. The more it reaches the point of knowledge which embraces all that is known upon any subject, the more it is desirous to know. Perhaps there may come a day in some possible future, when what is now professional or scientific information solely, will be common property and popular possession. We may not see that day in our mental conception of time, nor at present understand its possibility; but its possibility is within the range of things probable.

One hundred years ago man was a primitive individual every where, and might be supposed to enjoy little beyond the genuine primitive quality of simplicity. There were warriors who knew the use of "Brown Bess" and culverins, but had no conception of Minie rifles or Armstrong guns. There were sailors who believed in the sea serpent, and floated under leagues of canvas, but who were quite innocent of the wave principle, and steam used in paddle or screw propulsion. There were statesmen who governed nations and ordered territories, but who had no conception of "constitutions" or the "balance of power," and there were physicians whose knowledge of physiology, anatomy, and the popular mystery of hygiene, was, to say the least of those defunct oracles, rather hazy.

Somehow the world lived and rolled through, after all the curious innocence of the martial, naval, political, and medical guides, to whose rule it was entrusted. Heroes fought and exerted themselves uncommonly to get killed, just as they do now-a-days, with various success in their efforts. "Sailors of the sea," as poetic diction has termed those salty parties redolent of pitch and tobacco, managed to see foreign lands, and to keep up commerce. Legislators get on without setting rivers on fire, or making very remarkable fools of themselves, and physicians took their fees with as much benevolence as they show in the ceremony at present.

To do this under the circumstances was a remarkable feat of ability, and very creditable to people upon whom, from the height of our self-im-

portance, we look down in disdain. Were we, in the midst of this nineteenth century to be plunged into the same state of benighted ignorance as that which was enjoyed by our forefathers, the consternation which would spread over the kingdom would be something to enlighten future history. Take away the Napoleonic mode of warfare and the breach-loading improved grooving of murderous ordnance, and would anybody be desperate but Quakers? Cut off steam horses from iron roads and steamships from broad seas, and would humanity be long in its isolation before everybody become hermits? Cover the age with ignorance of constitutional rights, and the balance of power, and where would a wise man be found to rule the people, and in accepting the medical ignorance of a bygone time, how long could physicians have patients, or rather, in what space of time would the species be killed off anywhere?

It is not our duty to solve these problems. We only put them for anybody else whose brilliancy is sufficient for the undertaking. For the present we deem it a worthy task to minister to the general desire for information which bespeaks the fact that the schoolmaster is abroad, and has bitten everybody with a mania for knowledge; and since the popular voice so often declares the popular possession of nerves, it may be as well to make known some of the facts concerning them.

The human system is abundantly supplied with white filaments extending into all its tissues. There is no bone, no muscle, no vein, no artery, or none of the other components of the framework of man without them. Tracing those fine white threads to their source, it is found that they converge towards trunks greater or lesser in size, longer or shorter in extent, but all ending in the brain or its prolongation, the spinal marrow. Those filaments are all found to be the same in substance with the substance of the brain or spinal marrow, and perfectly different in every respect from any other tissue in the body. They are found to diminish, too, as they are further removed from the point of departure from the great nervous centre—the cerebral mass or its collateral supply—the spinal canal; and although they spread in the most minute ramifications everywhere in the system, yet that they converge like the branches of a tree, increasing in size as they approach towards one main trunk, which is largest at its root. Those filaments are nerves.

It has formed a special scientific enquiry, the subject of years of labour, to discover the particular functions of those innumerable filaments, and the influence they exercise in the scheme of the animal economy. The greatest additions to our knowledge has been made in recent years, and by the men of that school which may be said to be eminently modern—the school of physiology. The labours of Bichat, Majendie, Claude Bernard, Kölliker, Hunter, Marshall Hall, and those associated with some English names more recent, may be allowed the credit of almost all the knowledge possessed upon the subject.

That knowledge in its most interesting phase has been derived from the practice of vivisection or experiment by the knife upon living animals. It establishes satisfactorily that the severance of the connection of the

main trunk of a nerve with the brain, prevents the exercise of a certain sense or power in the parts supplied by it. From this fact arose the division of nerves into sentient and motor classes; or nerves whose connection with a part bestows upon that part the power of movement, or the faculty of feeling in the amount in which either quality is developed in the part.

A very ordinary and familiar instance of this fact can be found in a general way, out of an accident common enough at steeple-chases and sometimes in hunting, and therefore, perhaps, at some time or other of their lives seen by our readers. A horse drops his hind legs when galloping fast, and leaping over a fence in his stride he staggers a little at the moment, goes on a stretch or two, and swaying from side to side, falls. After an effort to regain his legs, it is seen he cannot do so, and persons, whose sympathy for the fallen animal is greater than their knowledge, attempt to lift him to a standing position. Should they succeed in raising him up, it is found that when they remove their support, his hind quarters sink down and pull the animal upon the earth again. Some one at last arrives who, knowing the nature of the injury, exclaims that the horse's back is broken, and thus causes the less intelligent but more earnest persons around to desist their useless attempts to prop him up any more.

If an examination were made of the injured animal after death, it would be found that the fact was literally true, and a fracture would be seen in one of the vertebræ. The spinal marrow would be found to be strangulated by the weight of the most posterior portion of the fractured spine, the pressure thus exercised completely interrupting the connection between the brain and all the portion of the spinal marrow, beyond the point of injury, as completely as if a knife were run through it. Allowing the point to be in the lumbar vertebræ, all the nerves arising from the spinal marrow below that point would be cut off in the severance of their main trunk and the parts of supply paralysed. This is just what takes place. The nerves which supply the motor power of the lower limbs, arise from some portion of this division of the nervous canal, and their connection with the cerebral centre being interrupted in the interruption of the trunk from whence they arise, they are incapable of communicating the motor influence which they originally conveyed, and that part of the muscular structure supplied by them is perfectly and wholly inert in consequence. These are the phenomena of paralysis of a part. In the same way, if the function of a nerve which is sentient in its influence is interrupted with the brain, the consequence is loss of the sentient power. To sever the ophthalmic nerves at their point of issue with the brain would cause blindness immediately, without any injury being visible in the outward structure, and so with any of the nerves supplying the special senses.

By facts of this kind it was found what influence the nervous supply maintained on the parts which were furnished with them, and the nature of their connection with motor or sentient tissues in the body clearly demonstrated. For so far, the endowment of motion or of feeling in certain

parts supplied by nerves was very explicitly understood to have existence in the connection of the parts with the brain.

This was a step so far on the road to knowledge; but there were phenomena occurring in the animal economy still which were wholly unaccountable. It was seen that if certain portions of organs were irritated, naturally or artificially, that irritation produced violent action in other parts remote from those, and with which no connection was maintained by the part irritated. To make this understood we shall refer to the very ordinary phenomenon of sneezing. This is a violent and sudden expiratory effort, by which the lungs and diaphragm are called into immediate action, and inhalation of air having taken place by a full inspiration, the lungs being generally distended to their fullest capacity, and the chest dilated to its greatest extent, the diaphragm contracts forcibly and rapidly, and the air is expelled with a loud noise. Now all the phenomena presented here can be produced by the titillation of a part having no seeming connection with the organs here engaged whatsoever. To tickle the nostril with a feather, or stimulate it with a grain of snuff, will produce everything we have here detailed. By the discovery of the sentient and motor influence, exerted by the nervous supply, it could be understood how the perception of the irritation of the membrane of the nostril could be conveyed to the brain, and how, in consequence of a certain law, a movement in that membrane irritated would take place; but it could not be understood how the diaphragm, lungs, and muscles of the chest, could be brought into movement as a result of nasal irritation alone. This led to the celebrated discovery of Marshall Hall, and the development of the facts of reflex action. It was found that in the brain a communication existed between the origins of nerves situated at different parts of that organ, through a connection maintained through the mass of the organ itself. Minute bundles of nervous matter well defined in their course, were found proceeding from the point of origin of one nerve to the point of origin of another. A series of experiments were then made which showed that if this communication were interrupted, the reflex phenomena would not take place, the nasal nerves might receive the irritation, but no movement would be consequent in the lungs or diaphragm. From hence it was demonstrated that when the nasal nerves conveyed the sensation of irritation to the brain, the current of feeling passed along the track of communication in that organ to the point of origin of the nervous supply of the diaphragm, and from the point of origin proceeded in the nerve itself to that organ, causing at the same time the movement of the other organs or muscles, with which it acts in sympathy by the action of the branches of communication between them, and first relaxing the diaphragm by its current of sensation, and then contracting it, produced a species of convulsive and involuntary movement, giving all the phenomena of spasmodic exertion of the parts. The importance of this discovery became very great towards the elucidation of nervous disease and involuntary muscular action. A familiar illustration of the process might be had from the working of the telegraph. Let us conceive a great central station, which will represent the brain, having many divergent lines

to points far removed from each other. At one of those points a message is transmitted to the central station, giving an order for a certain act to be performed at another point with which there is only a connection maintained through the central arrangement; we will conceive that this message after transmission to the central station has to be forwarded through an intermediate station between the main trunk and that point. A communication is desired to be forwarded from Drogheda to Kildare. First it is despatched from Drogheda to Dublin at a central station, from the central station we will suppose at the terminus of the Drogheda railway it is conveyed by an intermediate wire to the terminus at the Great Southern and Western Railway, and from thence directly to Kildare. In this process we have all the analogue in the proceeding of the nervous sensations in reflex action, accurately represented, even in the consequences produced at each point. The message at Drogheda conveys a desire which involves the performance of a certain act at Kildare, the desire is conveyed through the intermediate communication having reached the central station to another junction in connection with it. The order is despatched from this point, and the action takes place in consequence. Here is the transmission of sensation along the nasal nerve into the central nervous mass, from thence by the line of connection between it and another nerve it proceeds to its point of junction, and from thence is conveyed along to its termination, where it produces a certain movement.

Such are the principal facts in relation to the functions discharged by nervous communication over the body. There are others, which show that the particular development of the nervous supply constitutes the special senses. The arrangement of the auditory nerves within the ear gives us the faculty of hearing. The distribution of the ophthalmic nerves bestows the wonderful sense of sight. The lingual nerve in its ramifications in the tongue, endows us with the sense of taste. The olfactory nerve, as it is divided into filaments innumerable along the nostril, gives the power of smell. The nervous distribution which passes through the skin of the hand and fingers, endues us with the sense of touch, and everywhere in the system, this admirable structure exercises some immediate and vital impulse on the complex organs of the frame, exciting our wonder, admiration, and astonishment always, for the mechanism of its ordered design.

Ministering to every corporeal enjoyment, it is admirable with what fidelity to its purpose the nervous system works in the human body: yet strange it is, that its derangements have caused some of the most curious epidemics in the species of mankind. Some five hundred years ago, the nations were astonished by the prevalence of an affection of the nerves purely and alone, which spread with the most alarming rapidity. In the year 1374, the celebrated nervous disorder, called the Dance of St. John, was first seen at Aix-la-Chapelle. A number of men and women had come out of Germany, and were seen going through the city, crowned with flowers, and accompanied by music. The streets resounded with their cries, and night and day equally beheld their orgies. They formed in circles, grasp-

ing the hands of each other, and dancing with a wild and giddy earnestness, passed along in a delirious whirl of frantic enjoyment. Crowds gathered to behold the appalling spectacle, and followed the footsteps of the dancers, as they swept along in their tumultuous exhibition. By a strange and unaccountable fascination, those who lingered near them caught the desire of joining their mazes of folly. They rushed too into the delirious round of excitement, and crowds participated in the strange possession. They never gave up their insane exertion until, quite exhausted, they sank upon the ground, and lay there without motion, groaning and swollen to a great size. The only remedy from which they experienced any ease was to be swathed in cloths tightly wrapped around them in strong bands.

In a few months the wonderful epidemic spread over the Netherlands, and created the most intense alarm wherever it was seen. In Liege, in Utrecht, in Tongres, and many other towns of Belgium, the bands of fanatic dancers, appeared girt with cloths, in order that a stick might be inserted between them when the paroxysms were over, and twisted tightly around. Their hair was festooned with garlands, and they rushed along in their insensate career. Everywhere they appeared new accessions joined their ranks, and the cities of Germany echoed horribly with their mad mirth. It was noted that they had a curious horror of square-toed shoes, and from hence, edicts were issued in some places commanding none others to be worn. Red colours, too, created an intense antipathy in their breasts, and above all things, they had an aversion to behold any persons weeping. The disease extended to Cologne, where five hundred dancers swept the streets, and went on to Metz, where eleven hundred whirled in its labyrinth of insanity.

In 1418 it broke out in Strasbourg, and ran the same course as it had taken in Belgium and on the Lower Rhine. Day and night the dancers paraded the streets accompanied by bagpipes, and dancing in circles. So great did the number of the infatuated become, that the corporations of the towns had to take cognisance of them, and arranged them into parties properly inspected. They were, by command, taken to the chapels of St. Vitus near Taleru and Rotestein, and being put under discipline there, Hecker the German physician says that they were cured. From this time, at all events, the occurrence became rare, and the dances of St. John disturbed the peace of good citizens no more. Referring to nervous people, we could not omit the relation of Tarantism, an epidemic which arose from the bite of the Tarantula, and first seen in Apulia in the sixteenth century, spread over Italy, as a great contagion.

This was said to arise from the bite of the tarantula, a ground spider, common in Apulia. Some writers state it was not a spider, but an animal called terrantola, and the same as the star-lizard of the Romans. Those persons bitten by it fell into a kind of melancholy, and appeared stupified, or scarcely possessed of their senses. No effort could rouse them from this state, no stimulant cause them any excitement, but if music once attracted their attention, at the first sounds of a favourite melody, they sprang up shouting for joy, and danced without intermission until they sank. The flute

and cithern alone could influence the lethargy into which they had fallen; but at the music of those instruments they became fired with a new life as if by enchantment. The dancing movement which distinguished those persons under the influence of tarantism was singularly graceful, and it was observed that those who were clownish or ungainly in their motions before, now assumed the most becoming attitudes. Even men and women who were completely ignorant or unaccustomed to music, turned their motions to the notes in the most exquisite unison. The sounds of the Tarantella, as the melody was termed, which was customary to be played for the sufferers, could be heard in almost every vale from Spartivento to the Alps, as the curious nervous disorder spread along. By degrees this epidemic, too, died away, and modern investigations find no trace of it anywhere in its old and favourite stronghold.

With the progress of medical science, nervous epidemics ceased to have any great influence on populations. It is true that here and there some instances of curious seizures of the kind, propagated by contiguity alone, still exist. The convulsionnaires, who made such a notoriety in France during the last century, and a few of whom lingered until the year 1829, were an instance in point. But notwithstanding all the assertions made by Pessimists, that the human race is more liable to disease in latter times, and especially to nervous affections, the fact is simply untrue. The hurry and bustle in which men live in those days, have not in this point embittered human life, nor have they rendered it liable to any unusual accessions of nervous excitation, notwithstanding statements to the contrary. Isolated facts may be found of unaccountable nervous seizures upon communities in the midst of civilization, but it is certain that the very rarity of those seizures, and the limited circle to which they are confined, make them the subject of astonishment. We will give a few of the relations of instances of the kind as worthy of a place amongst our records of nervous people. We shall take first a record of a circumstance arising from what is termed religious excitement. The details are given in Fothergill and Want's Medical and Physical Journal for 1814.

In a Methodist chapel at Redruth, a man during service cried out with a loud voice, "What shall I do to be saved?" at the same time manifesting the greatest uneasiness and solicitude respecting the condition of his soul. Some other members of the congregation following his example, cried out in the same form of words, and seemed shortly after to suffer the most excruciating bodily pain. This strange occurrence was soon publicly known, and hundreds of people who had come thither, either attracted by curiosity, or a desire from other motives to see the sufferers, fell into the same state. The chapel remained open some days and nights, and from that point the new disease spread itself, and with the rapidity of lightning, over the neighbouring towns of Camborne, Helston, Truro, Penryn, and Falmouth, as well as over the villages in the vicinity. Whilst thus advancing, it decreased in some measure at the place where it had first appeared, and it confined itself throughout to the Methodist chapels. It was only by the words which we have mentioned, that it was excited, and it only seized those

persons of the lowest education. Those who were attacked betrayed the greatest anguish, and fell into convulsions. Others cried out like persons possessed, that the Almighty would straightway pour out his wrath upon them, that the wallings of tormented spirits rang in their ears, and that they saw hell open to receive them. The clergy, when in the course of their sermons they perceived that persons were thus seized, earnestly exhorted them to confess their sins, and zealously endeavoured to convince them that they were by nature enemies to Christ, that the anger of God had therefore fallen on them, and that if death should surprise them in the midst of their iniquity, the eternal torments of hell would be their portion. The over-excited congregation upon this repeated their words, which naturally must have increased the fury of their convulsive attacks. When the discourse had produced its full effect, the preacher changed his subject; reminded those who were suffering of the power of the Saviour as well as of the grace of God, and represented to them, in glowing colours, the joys of heaven. Upon this a remarkable reaction sooner or later took place. Those who were in convulsions felt themselves raised from the lowest depths of misery and despair to the most exalted bliss, and triumphantly shouted out that their bonds were loosed, their sins were forgiven, and they were translated to the wonderful freedom of the children of God. In the meantime their convulsions continued, and they remained during this condition so abstracted from everything earthly that they stood two and sometimes three days and nights together in the chapels, agitated all the time by spasmodic movements, and taking neither repose nor nourishment. According to a moderate computation, four thousand people were within a very short time affected by the malady.

This is very extraordinary, and shows the wonderful influence mental emotion uncontrolled can exert on the human body. The place where the epidemic spread being in Wales, we find it took place amongst a population chiefly rural, and cannot be accounted for by any feebleness of health occurring from exhausting avocations. A remarkable instance of a partial epidemic of the kind, clearly arising from a debilitated state of the system, and produced by sympathy, is found in Hufeland's Journal.

A young woman of the lowest order, twenty-one years of age, and of stout frame, came, on the 13th January, 1801, to visit a patient in the Chariti Hospital at Berlin, where she had herself been previously under treatment for an inflammation of the chest with tetanic spasms, and immediately on entering the ward, fell down in strong convulsions. At the sight of her violent contortions, six other female patients immediately became affected in the same way, and by degrees eight more were in like manner attacked with strong convulsions. All these patients were from sixteen to twenty-five years old, and suffered without exception, one from spasms of the stomach, another from palsy, a third from lethargy, a fourth from fits with consciousness, a fifth from catalepsy, a sixth from syncope. The convulsions, which alternated in various ways with tonic spasms, were accompanied by loss of sensibility, and were invariably preceded by languor with heavy sleep, which was followed by the fits in the course of a

minute or two; and it is remarkable that in all those persons their former nervous disorder, not excepting paralysis, disappeared, returning, however, after the subsequent removal of their new complaint. The treatment, during which two of the nurses, who were young women, suffered from the same attacks, was continued for four months. It was finally successful.

The last example we shall give is a case which illustrates the power of credibility or fancy over the human body, and is the record of an epidemic seizure of nervous excitation, occurring amongst the inhabitants of a factory district.

At a cotton manufactory at Hodden Bridge, in Lancashire, a girl, on the 15th of February, 1787, put a mouse into the bosom of another girl who had a great dread of mice. The girl was immediately thrown into a fit, and continued in it with the most violent convulsions for twenty-four hours. On the following day, three more girls were seized in the same manner, and on the seventeenth, six more. By this time the alarm was so great that the whole work, in which 200 or 300 were employed, was totally stopped, and an idea prevailed that a particular disease had been introduced by a bag of cotton opened in the house. On Sunday the 18th, Dr. St. Clair was sent for from Preston. Before he arrived, three more were seized, and during that night and the morning of the nineteenth, eleven more, making in all twenty-four. Of these, twenty-one were young women, two were girls about ten years of age, and one a man who had been much fatigued by holding the girls. Three of the number lived about two miles from the place where the disorder first broke out, and three at another factory at Clitheroe, about five miles distant, which last and two more were infected entirely from report, not having seen the other patients, but like them and the rest of the country, strongly impressed with the idea of the plague being caught from cotton. The symptoms were anxiety, strangulation, and very strong convulsions, and these were so violent as to last, without any intermission, from a quarter of an hour to twenty-four hours, and to require four or five persons to prevent the patients from tearing their hair and dashing their heads against the floors and walls. Dr. St. Clair had taken with him a portable electric machine, and by electric shocks the patients were universally relieved without exception. As soon as the patients and the country were assured that the complaint was merely nervous, easily cured, and not introduced by the cotton, no fresh person was affected. To dissipate their apprehensions still further, the best effects were obtained by causing them to take a cheerful glass and join in a dance. On Tuesday they danced, and on the next day were all at work, except two or three who were much weakened by their fits.

But the most extraordinary instances of nervous people are to be found in countries far removed from the civilization in which we live, and whose populations are semi-savage. In the Shetland Islands, amongst a wild, untutored, and ignorant people, the most uncommon species of nervous excitation has prevailed during the last one hundred years. As the Sundays recur throughout the year in the midst of a congregation at worship, it is

very usual for one of the females present to give a loud shriek, and toss her body into convulsive writhings and extraordinary attitudes. Thereupon every other woman present follows her example. The scene which ensues, is from all accounts of it perfectly indescribable. One clergyman found a very effectual remedy for those seizures. He had been annoyed by them to such a degree that he felt he should either find a method of stopping their occurrence or else shift his quarters to some land where the congregations are more decorous; and upon a certain Sunday he informed his people, when they were gathered, that he had found that a lake close beside the place of worship possessed most healing qualities for those nervous seizures, which troubled so many of his hearers. The mode of deriving its benefits was, he stated, to bring the person in the access to its margin and immerse her therein. He had provided a few trusty men whom he had directed to pursue this course with the first member of his congregation seized, and he said he was quite certain they would perform their duty perfectly. It is almost needless to add, that from that day forward this clergyman never had occasion to put his precepts into practice.

In Abyssynia, in the Tigre country, there is a species of nervous persons who are subject to a malady called *Tigretier*, which presents all the characters of *Tarantism*, and is cured by music. The dancing dervishes amongst Mohammedans enjoy the peculiarity of their profession solely from their capacity for bringing on nervous excitation. Of a kindred nature are the *Psylli*, or serpent-eaters of Egypt. Savary Duke de Rovigo states, that he once beheld a procession of this sect at Rosetta. They passed him with bare arms and wild demeanour, holding venomous serpents in their hands, which they grasped by the neck, and with shrieks and howlings devoured alive. Sonnini gives an account of a Saadi, or serpent-eater, who visited his apartment accompanied by a priest of his sect. The priest had with him a basket in which he carried a green and copper-coloured snake of a deadly description. This, after some preliminary arrangements, he delivered to the Saadi, who seized it with a vigorous hand, whilst it twisted and writhed round his naked arm. He gazed at the reptile and soon grew excited. His countenance became discomposed, his eyes burned with a flashing light, and rolled terribly. After a short while, during which his manner lost all character of sanity, with a loud cry he bit the animal in the head, and ate the unsavoury morsel. Instantly he became convulsive in his actions—he howled horribly, his limbs writhed, his countenance assumed the features of madness, his mouth extended and was covered with blood and foam. Three strong men endeavoured to hold him, but he dragged them around the chamber, and flung them from him as if they were children; his arms thrown about with violence struck everything within his reach. At length the priest took the serpent from him, but his mad convulsions did not cease; he bit his hands, and his fury continued. The priest then approached him, passed his arms down his back, and moved his hands gently around him in a manner familiar to those who have seen mesmeric operators performing on their subjects. By degrees the man's

agitation ceased, and he lay down in a state of complete lassitude and exhaustion.

Such facts as those demonstrate the wonderful influence of the nervous system over the human frame. The medium of every action, and of every sense, it has been directed in its organisation for the great end of the happiness and well-being of man. In the casual instances where it has become perverted in its purpose from those causes, which are inscrutable to the wisest science, it has afforded only an instance of the knowledge of the Creator of the universe, who has ordered its arrangement with such infinite skill, where the least deviation from the balance in which He has endowed it is pregnant with such monstrous and terrific consequences as we have shown. In the investigation of its history, we trust we have found room to impart the instruction which must ever arise from the contemplation of the handiwork of God, and is not the less visible in the manner in which the healthy nervous faculty subtends the life and joy of the human race, than is the surprise and terror with which the alteration of its valid conditions in nervous persons demonstrates.

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### SHERIFF AND EXECUTIONER.

It was autumn time in the year 17—. The nation was witnessing a spectacle which, for intensity and determination, might have found a parallel in the old servile wars of middle Europe—the struggle of class with class, of occupant with proprietor. The country, which had been ravaged and disorganised by being made the battle-field of a couple royal factions—Stuart and Orange—had scarcely recovered the effects of that bloody encounter. The population were two-thirds Jacobite and one-third Williamite; but whilst the former relied merely on the faith and potency of legitimate right, and fought with the rude weapons of an impulsive warfare, the adherents of the latter had the countenance and support of a kingdom gradually merging into empire. Long after James had died in exile, and the Georgian period had set in, the animosities of the old struggle survived the conflict; and the two races, though living side by side, eyed each other with a deadly hatred, since filtered into indifference through the crooked concrete of several generations. Such was the political and social aspect of the country in August 17—. On the third of that month, an Englishman, of the cosmopolitan patronymic of Smith, was murdered near the little village of Six-mile-bridge, in the county of Clare. The murdered man had long lived in a state of extreme unpopularity with his neighbours, and the bad feelings with which he was regarded, were unfortunately increased by his special interference in a hasty prosecution, which resulted in the execution of two men for sheep-stealing. He had been repeatedly warned that he was a man marked out for the swiftest and most extreme vengeance; but, being master of a courage almost amounting to rashness, he

despised the threats, and faced the peril with impunity. On a fair day he was riding home leisurely from market, and had just passed the cross of Abudhie, when five, men wearing no disguise, and armed with heavy bludgeons, sprang out of a plantation of Scotch firs which lined the road at one side, and surrounded him with a suddenness which cut off all chances of escape. He knew his men, and they knew their victim. Throwing up his hands he uttering one piercing shriek, in which the agonising despair of a whole life appeared concentrated. It was his last last appeal in this world; in less than five minutes he had been dragged to the ground, and his skull beaten into a crude jelly. The riderless horse, his flanks splashed with blood, conveyed the bloody tidings home. The report of the assassination spread from mouth to mouth, from dépôt to dépôt. The landed interest became alarmed, and a reward of five hundred pounds, subscribed by the aristocracy of the country, was offered for the discovery of the murderers.

Thirteen days elapsed, and in the dock of the old courthouse of Limerick five men stood charged with the murder of Smith. The conviction, noticing the paucity of evidence and the thirst for vengeance manifested by the prosecutors, was, to say the least, not wholly constitutional. Sentence of death was pronounced, the doomed men being allowed twenty-four hours to prepare for the terrible change which awaited them. The jury went to dine, his lordship rolled home in his grand coach to his lodgings in the Englishtown—then the aristocratic quarter of the city; and the prisoners having exchanged last greetings with their friends, were carted back to gaol.

Gallows-green, a steep hill within a mile of Limerick (and the home, by the way, of poor Griffin's Eily O'Connor), was the ordinary place of execution for criminals convicted of offences committed within the borough boundary; capital punishment for crimes committed outside that line of demarcation was invariably administered on the spot where the outrage had taken place. The condemned men were to be hanged at the cross of Abudhie. The 18th of August was ushered in (we hope that no one will again repeat this phrase) with a morning ominous with signs of harvest rain and thunder cloud; but that did not prevent a swarm of people gathering around the approaches to the gaol from an early hour. The rain began to descend, but did not much diminish the number of melancholy expectants, whose curiosity pressed them nearer and nearer to the triple-barred door of the prison, whence they were driven back by the musket-buts of the soldiery. High over the lofty wall which surrounded the gaol, the haggard faces of prisoners were seen protruding with strained neck and eyeball, through the rusty windowbars, eager to catch one glance of the criminals as they crossed the great yard to the hurdle prepared for them. The tops of neighbouring roofs, chimneys and gables, swarmed with black life; and the subdued emotional murmurs of the crowd in the streets were responded to by the crowds above.

"Blind Billy's to hang them," observed a pensive citizen to a venerable-looking man, who seemed to survey the scene with no unsympathising eyes.

"So I've heard," was the reply. "What a pity that a man like him who could turn his hand to anything, should disgrace himself and all belonging to him by becoming a hangman! Does not Jervase go to Six-mile-bridge, I wonder?"

"Mr. Jervase? Oh—aye, the sheriff. You'll see him this moment riding behind the soldiers on his chesnut horse. Fine-looking man!"

Blind Billy, alluded to by the first speaker, was the stock hangman for the city and county. He had been a sort of farm-steward in early life, in which position he showed great proofs of ability; but having been convicted of embezzlement and sentenced to death, he purchased his life by consenting to hang two culprits who had been convicted of conspiracy to murder. Conscience, deeply wounded, seldom recovers its original sensitiveness, and Billy preferred plying his infamous office to taking his chance again in a world from which he had isolated himself. The gaol became his home, and the gibbet his profession. He was not blind, but extremely red eyed and short sighted, which accounts for the soubriquet with which the public had honoured him.

The head of a chesnut horse, ridden by a florid man in the prime of life, appeared above the crowd, which opened to make a lane for the new comer. "'Tis the sheriff—'tis Mr. Jervase," were the words passed from lip to lip, as that functionary, with a thoughtful air, rode slowly in the direction of the gaol. Having reined up his horse at the wicket, he lifted the massive knocker, and handed a roll of paper to the deputy jailer. The wicket had scarcely closed, when the rusty bell over the principal entrance began to vibrate, and at the ninth stroke, the great iron-studded doors rolled back, disclosing the inner court of the prison, and six men seated on some straw in a car drawn by a black horse. To their right was a smith, bare armed and aproned, resting against the temporary anvil, on which the prisoners' fetters received the last testing. Behind there was a mingled gleam of red coats and cold steel, mingled with the blue and white uniforms of the gaol officials.

"Let us go," said the sheriff, in a mild voice, and a tumultuous groan arose from the dense sea of life outside. As the car and its victims laboured over the rough stones, under the horrible gloom of the great arch, and emerged into the open street, cries of "Ah, ha, Billy, you purblind rogue, wait till we catch you!" were heard from all directions save one; but the individual to whom they were addressed did not appear to suffer the slightest inconvenience under the pressure of so much popularity. He was seated on a heap of straw in the upper part of the car; around him was wrapped a soiled blanket, which enveloped him from the chin to the feet; about his head was twisted a piece of red cotton; in his hand he held a large piece of rope, the end of which he shook ominously at the boys, who freely pelted him with mud and rotten vegetables, and the hundred abominations of the kennel. "Ye'll get it yet—ye'll get it yet, ye blackguards!" he shouted. A fresh flight of missiles and a storm of hootings replied to the ghastly prophecy. Apart from him in the car, half kneeling and half sitting, were the five prisoners. They were heavily

chained, and appeared fully sensible of the horror of their position. Around the car was drawn a cordon of soldiers with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. Behind them rode the sheriff, and outside and around all surged the excited, indignant, abusive, yet sympathising populace.

The wretched cortège, escorted by the crowd, reached Abudhie about one o'clock. Five rough gibbets had been raised on the spot where Smith's murderers had avenged themselves. The country people had flocked in large masses to witness the execution, and when Blind Billy stood up in the car, under the shadows of the gibbets, his eyes beheld around him from two to three thousand people. Throwing away the blanket, he stepped into the open space kept clear by the soldiery, and beckoning to an ex-tipstaff, he asked:

"Where's the Sheriff, avic?"

The mob roared; and before the sounds of tumult had died away, the sheriff had entered the ring, gazing around him with an air of gloomy abstraction. He was startled from his reverie by the well-known voice of the hangman.

"Sheriff, darlint, is de time, up? de boys is waitin'."

"Mr. Jervase coloured and looked at the speaker. "Do your duty, man—do your duty."

"Oh, begor, every dog dey say has his day; sheriff, jewel, be civil until you gets raison. I'd like to tell you a bit o' my mind, any how, if it be plaisin' to you. How much a head for dem things?" and he jerked his thumb violently in the direction of the car.

"The amount of your fees is well understood. Come, sir," he said, "don't protract the agony of those wretched men."

"Aisy, aisy, I say. Sure 'twont break their backs to sit on a soft sop—will it? Now here's de whole question—if I tuck dem up comfortably, what 'll I get?"

"Five pounds apiece, my man. Will you do your duty?"

"Sorra a one o' me. You knows, sheriff darlint, stiff as you are, dat dere's two words to a bargain, Devil resave de rope I'll put round one of deir necks under tin pounds a man."

The sheriff looked amazed. "If you refuse to perform your duty under any such pretext, I shall commit you to custody; and it——"

"Do—do—do yer best. Ram me into quod, and hang dem yourself, jewel. Will ye make it de tin pounds, or say you won't."

The sheriff hung his head; but his diabolical tormentor refused him much time for reflection. "Will yez once?" No answer. "Will yez twice?" No answer. "Will yez for de turd and last time?"

Mr. Jervase raised his head, and in a low voice expressed his acquiescence.

"Dat much bein' settled, sheriff darlint, (and I wouldn't doubt yez—I'll be troublin yez for de money. Arigidsiose is de word, wid a gentleman always, yez knows."

"You shall have it when we return to town."

"Arrah, begor, de bird in de hand is wort two in de bush. Give out de money dis moment, or keep it and do de job yerself."

"I tell you, you shall have it when we return."

"And I tells you, agin and agin, dat I don't want it den. De yez hear dat—eh? Shame for yez to be keepin dese five dacent min waitin for a trifle."

"It happens, unfortunately, that I have not the money with me. I pledge you my honour that——"

"Arrah, I wouldn't lend yez tappence on it—honour indeed! De colonel dere will lind to yez."

Seeing the uselessness of contending any longer, the sheriff managed to collect the required amount, fifty pounds, amongst the officers in charge of the troops. Rolling up the money in some paper, he flung it to Blind Billy, by whom it was scrupulously counted, and then deposited in his pocket. That individual's next act was to light his pipe and assure the wretched men that they were all right at last. He further congratulated them on the fact that they had a fine day, and were in decent hands.

One by one the trembling wretches were hung up, and the car drawn from under them. The first was a corpse before the white cap had been drawn over the face of the last. The multitude knelt in prayer, and even the soldiers were not unaffected witnesses of the horrible spectacle. As the men swung round, the wind blew the head covering off the youngest of the ghastly group, and his face, rendered terrible by the effects of the strangulation, was revealed to the spectators. The tongue, covered with purple saliva, lolled out over the stiff lips; the eyes, fixed and gory, protruded from their sockets, and the blood had penetrated the pores of the temples. To shriek as if the dead man's agony was at their hearts, to rush at Blind Billy that they might sacrifice him to their rage, was the first impulsive movement of the crowd; but flashing steel and levelled muskets forced them back, and they recoiled from the lifted weapons in dogged silence. Billy himself appeared to revel in the loathsome object; and he exclaimed, as the baffled crowd was beaten back, "Don't hurry yerselves, I'll see yez all dat way yet—I will."

Three quarters of an hour elapsed before the bodies were cut down; and then they received the rudest form of sepulture. A hole was dug and filled with quicklime, and into it the five corpses were thrown, pell-mell. The earth was shovelled in, the soldiers stamping it almost level with the surrounding award, with their heavy boots; Billy had mounted the car and resumed his blanket; and the cortège had begun to move, when the voice of the sheriff was heard exclaiming—

"Get out of that car, you scoundrel—leave it, I say, instantly."

"Is de man out iv his sinses?" screamed Billy. "Drive on, honest man, and let de sogers go home to deir dinner."

"Quit that car, you ruffian," roared the sheriff, in a voice thick with passion. "Corporal, remove that man from the car."

Billy turned white as he looked in the sheriff's face and witnessed its stern determination. "Sure thin, Mr. Jarvis, darlint, yer wouldn't have

me torn to tatters by the boys there," and he pointed to the angry circle of faces which glared at him over the shoulders of the military. "The powers of man wouldn't save me, if they wan't get me into deir crubes."

"Choose either to leave the car or be dragged from it," was the reply, in a still more excited tone. "Corporal, throw out that scoundrel."

The words were scarcely said when they were obeyed, and Billy found himself sprawling on the ground at the tail of the cart. The people were approaching closer and closer. He raised himself to his knees, and clasping his hands, shrieked for mercy: "Oh! sheriff dear,—oh! Mr. Jarvis, for the sake of your fader and mudder, don't leave me in dis hobble, oh! de Lord reward you and let me get in agin. Mr. Jarvis—Mr. Jarvis! dey'll murder me out and out, dey'll!"

The sheriff raised himself in his stirrups and looked at the prostrate wretch with an air of unmitigated scorn. "I agreed," he said, "in a voice considerably tranquillized, "to fetch you here, but it forms no part of the engagement that you should be fetched back. If you wish to go as you came, pay the expenses."

"Oh, thin, 'tis I dat will, sheriff darlint. Anyting de driver asks id be sorry to refuse him."

"My good sir, I shall pay the driver—you will have the goodness to pay me."

"Wid my whole heart, Mr. Jarvis: how much did dey charge you?"

"That has nothing to do with it; my charge for taking a hangman back to Limerick, and saving him from the hands of those honest people, is fifty pounds!"

"Fifty devils yez manes! Arrah, Mr. Jarvis, be reasonable, and don't rob a poor man of his little scrapins. Say tin pounds, if ye like."

"I've said fifty—will you once?" The crowd had reached within a few feet of the kneeling scoundrel, but he hesitated.

"Will you twice?"

Nearer and nearer rolled the surging wave of flushed faces and strained eyes. Still no answer.

"Will you, for the third and last time?" As the words were said, an athletic young man raised his arm and inflicted a deep wound on Billy's head with a thick black-thorn stick. Such logic was irresistible. Without saying a word, the bleeding man handed the fifty pounds to the sheriff and sprang into the cart. The crowd shouted in triumph, and after just aiming one combined volley of turnip-tops and potatoes, the hangman was taken back to Limerick.

## OUR LITTLE UNA

## I.

MERRY, wilful, dark, and bright,  
Arrow-footed, wayward sprite !  
Scarlet lip and changing cheek,  
Pale, or hot with passion's freak ;  
Lustrous eye that fiery flashes  
From the shade of clustered lashes.

## II.

Maiden Una ! through the dusk  
Comes the haunting breath of musk.  
Through a sombre leafy maze,  
Through a tender scented haze,  
Vapours dreamy, evanescent—  
Shines the radiant Summer crescent.

## III

Restless Una ! thou art still,  
As the gleam on yonder hill.  
Hast no word of ready speech ?  
Wit has slipped beyond thy reach.  
Some new spell is on thee gaining,  
Eye and lip and step enchaining.

## IV.

Little shady, silken head !  
Stretched beside the fuschia bed ;  
Let me stroke the curling hair  
Moistened by the dewy air.  
Let me touch the listless fingers,  
While the mood unwonted lingers.

## V.

Ah ! thou changeling, off again !  
Have I snapt the charm in twain ?  
Swift the wilful footsteps glance,  
Wicked eyes with mischief dance.  
Dusk curls in triumph streaming—  
Wert thou serious but in seeming ?

## VI.

'Tis in vain : thou wilt not heed—  
 Thou wilt laugh whilst others bleed.  
 Never glance of softened eye,  
 Gentle touch of fingers shy,  
 Will thy waywardness vouchsafe me,  
 Trying still to vex and chafe me.

## VII.

Violets, by the moonlight kissed—  
 Steep their buds in odorous mist—  
 Dream away the tranced night,  
 Weeping dew in soft delight.  
 Every wreath and brier vagrant  
 Pays to night its homage fragrant.

## VIII.

Hast thou deep down in thy heart  
 No sweet hope, no paining smart ?  
 Wilt thou never be subdued,  
 Tearful-eyed, and rosy-hued ?  
 Shall I never guide thy tripping,  
 Careless feet from hurt or slipping ?

## IX.

Ah ! thou knowest nought of care,  
 Wrong, nor tear, nor cruel snare.  
 Life is not a summer day—  
 Bloom not all the paths with May.  
 Thou wilt find, my little lady !  
 There's a rough one and a shady.

## X.

Dainty feet are better led  
 By a surer, braver tread.  
 Little hearts should cling in rest  
 To a bolder, stouter breast.  
 That thou learn not in heart-breaking,  
 I will tarry thine awaking.

R. M.

## A WONDERFUL MENAGERIE.

Our "menagerie" is that huge tract of the African continent which lies between the fifth and thirty-fifth degrees of latitude; that is to say, between Cape Agulhas, the most southern point of the land mass, and the river Coango, which rises in the Mosamba mountains, and, after flowing due north, through a wilderness where primitive men never saw a white face, turns to the west, and debouches into the Zaire. Such are the boundaries which confine, if they do not coop up, the vast swarm of organic life that flourishes inside them. There multitudinous vitality breaks out in manifold phases of shape and colour, which multiply themselves over and over in bewildering profusion of form and purpose, as the whiz of the European bullet rouses the hyæna from his lair, the snake from his mud-bath, and the bird from the palm branch. Side by side with the familiar animal studies of our youth, lion, elephant and crocodile, a brood of new beings, formidable and small, rises up to encounter us. Dealing with them, science is sadly puzzled for new names—for a new descriptive phraseology which shall have a certain relativeness to the things to which it is applied. Nor German, nor French, nor full-bodied English will meet the wants of the sorely-taxed invention; so science falls back upon the old classic resource, which threatens to be soon exhausted, and we have such names as *Tantalus Capensis* given to an unoffending bird, fond of tree stumps, and flowing water; *Dasypeltus Inornatus*, to a pretty serpent that enters birds' nests, and sucks the eggs; and *Hystrix Cristata*, to a wretched porcupine which abstains several months from water. These are hard names, the standing objection against them being, that they fail to convey the vaguest notion, the flimsiest idea, of the animal for whose use they are adopted. Scientific men naturally delight in cracking the crust of a conventional classicism with a keen foresight of its contents tickling their brains; but what is to become of the world of people to whom Greek and Latin are traditional arcana? Will nobody help them?

Our menagerie is favoured with a luscious climate; the air is balmy and restorative: of course there are gradations and differences in the vast atmospheric plain which roofs in our birds and animals, but the temperature on the whole may be described as pleasant. Now and then we are visited by droughts which parch the herbage until the grass almost explodes under the feet of the buffalo, the rivers are dried up, fish and alligator perishing in the reeking slime, where they furnish banquets for the hyænas. Needles exposed in the open air will not contract rust: the foliage withers though the sap remains in the leaf; and the head of the beautiful mimosæ close at mid-day. Then, beetles, blue, green and golden, which creep along the ground, like sparks from a smelting fire, die off in myriads. Whilst the air blazes and brightens, and not a drop of water is to be had from river or freshet, the black ant, a long-legged architect of predatory habits, finds moisture for the mortar which keeps his house together. Where? It has

been suggested that the insect is capable of manufacturing water by combining the hydrogen and oxygen of its vegetable diet. In Angola we have an insect which clings to the fig-tree, and there, in concert with six or seven brother-workmen, keeps up a constant distillation of a clear fluid, at a rate of two quarts in twelve hours. How it is procured can be explained only by the aforementioned hypothesis; for that the insect does not extract the fluid from the tree, has been positively and satisfactorily proved. It is most copious in the morning when the air is humid, and the ground covered with dew. Thirst and grass-famine raging over the land, we shall not perish if the rain-doctors can avert the calamity. They pretend to bring down the refreshing treasure from the skies, by burning to the rain-god a charcoal composed of the ashes of bats, the renal deposit of the coney, jackalls' livers, baboons' and lions' hearts, hairy abominations plucked from the stomachs of venerable cows, serpen's' hides and bones, and every variety of root and tuber. Sometimes the rain will come; sometimes the mock divinity will not see or listen, and then life is deplorable. The women exchange their trinkets for corn, whilst the youth of the villages traverse the plains in search of edible plants. To get meat we build two hedges in the form of a V, with the angle cut off, and at the extremity we dig a pit which is lightly covered with leaves and brushwood. Then the warriors form a circle, momentarily decreasing, until a vast quantity of game is hemmed round and driven by spears and shouts into the converging hedges. The tumult is awful; giraffe, hartebeests, kokong, pallas, rhinoceros, zebra, buffalo, goat and lion, often find themselves involved in the same panting race for life. They rush madly to the opening, and fall headlong into the pit, where they are rapidly despatched by the weapons of the hunters. In this way between sixty and seventy head of the prime game of the forest is frequently captured; some will escape now and then, but for the great number death is a positive certainty. The breast of each animal is cut off and sent as a present to the chief, who claims that division of the spoils by hereditary right. When meat is not to be had, the locust supplies its place in the form of a dish which varies considerably as to the mode of preparation. Sometimes they are eaten boiled, when they taste like badly-cooked cabbage, sometimes roasted and pounded into a paste or powder which lasts for months. Besides, we have a luscious caterpillar, red-ringed and red-eyed, which smacks like macaroni; and the huge frog, Matamello, measuring about six by five inches, which, when properly cooked and served up, resembles a plump chicken.

The habits of this creature serve to employ our speculative moments. In the dry season he bores a hole at the root of a flowering bush, and there awaits, in a state of hibernation, the return of congenial weather. Across the mouth of the orifice, a bandy-legged spider spreads a web, subtle as mist, richer than the wildest filagree; behind this veil the sagacious Bushman knows that his prey is ensconced, and he is never mistaken. Speaking of spiders, we may put in a word for the Scavenger beetle, one of the most active sanitary commissioners in the universe. No sooner does he discover a secretion, than he treads it into round pieces, about the size of a Ripstone

pippin, and then rolls it away, pushing with his hind legs, until he has reached a place of safety. There a hole is dug in the earth; within which the unpleasant burthen is deposited. In the midst of the buried mass, the female beetle lays her eggs; and the larvæ subsists on their covering, until they arrive at maturity.

Curiously enough, although our rain-doctor has been burning bushels of perfumes for the last nine days, not a drop has fallen from the glaring skies. Even the antelope, which almost exists without water, has a glazed eye and a flaccid skin; for the baked mud pits of the rivers are soaked up, and the dewfall will not damp a lady's feather. Our young men go out into the desert to gather the *leroshua*—a small plant, about the thickness of ordinary sealing-wax, springing from a root of extraordinary bulk and appearance. Peeling off the rind of the bulb, we find it contains a quantity of cellular tissue, filled with a delicious, cool fluid which is eagerly drunk by the discoverers. The *mokuri* is another water-wearing plant, supplied by six immense bulbs arranged in a circle, far below the hot earth surface. In the desert too flourishes the great water-melon, *kéme*. It is about four inches long, and of a vivid scarlet colour. Wide tracts of land are often to be seen covered with this beneficent fruit, which supports not man alone, but lions, elephants, hyænas, jackalls and mice. Some varieties are bitter—some sweet; some have a mixed flavour, occasioned by the bees transferring the pollen of the flower from one plant to another. The *Bukalahari*, the oldest of the Bechuana tribes, adopt a singular method of obtaining water. A reed, to the end of which is attached a bunch of grass, is driven an arm's length into the sand. Directly the grass begins to absorb the water, the latter is sucked through the reed by a woman, who ejects the fluid by mouthful into an ostrich egg-shell. When the rain-doctors have given over their incantations and tom-tomings, when the last melon has been eaten, the skies will darken west, and a land-storm, laden with inky masses of cloud, blow over the country. The desert shakes under its fury, the dry vegetation crackles and keeps up a mysterious tremolo, like the wail of imprisoned spirits, the rivers rise, the plains are deluged, and the voice of the African cuckoo is heard far and near. This is the season of the rain. Gradually the heavens lighten, the sun looks out, and tranquillity settles upon the world. One breathes an atmosphere of spice and spikenard; the tenderest light falls upon the landscape; and the eye, wherever it turns, encounters some fresher and fairer revelation of loveliness. Around us meadows of the grassiest green spread away to the horizon, still lurid with the last throes of the fugitive tempest. In the patch of rich herbage at our feet, cattle are grazing, goats browsing; boys, "iron-jointed, supple sinewed," are playing with bows and arrows; women, too, enliven the scene as they skip down to the wells, each bearing a pitcher gracefully poised upon her head; under the broad banians men sit sewing and chatting, and in a quiet nook may be seen the grey-bearded patriarch of a village, listening with vaguest wonder to the story of a laughing girl. There indeed it may be said with truth, "all but the spirit of man is divine."

Prominent amongst the animals which breed and swarm around us,

stands the gigantic elephant. His tastes are quiet; he contents himself with bulbs, tubers, roots and branches, scarcely ever eating grass, except when in seed, and filled with farinaceous matter. Inoffensive as he is, it is a mistake to consider him a coward, for when put upon his mettle, no other beast of the forest offers a more lengthened and desperate resistance. The female, if attacked whilst feeding her calf, proves a most formidable antagonist, and is scarcely ever captured alive. Our natives pursue her at a distance with javelins, blowing of tubes, and the recitation of an address, in which the unhappy animal is informed that the tribe has come out to kill her; that many others are doomed to die beside her, for the gods have said it, and she may as well give in at once, as provoke a struggle. Alarmed at the uproar, the wretched beast erects her ears, strokes her youngling with her trunk as if to assure it of safety, and stands prepared for combat. A flight of spears from the attacking party sends the blood streaming over her huge sides, and this is followed up by another and another, until the great carcass is penetrated in every part with the murderous weapons. Enraged and agonised, the wounded beast, uttering a melancholy trumpeting, and filled with the blind instinct of self-preservation, abandons her young to charge down her foes. Repeated clouds of javelins enter her sides, one or more furious attempts to crush her butchers under foot, and she reels dead to the earth.

Next in order of strength and muscular superiority is our lion. Like the zebra, gnu, the tsesébe, and the giraffe, he is liable to attacks of mange; like the buffalo, he suffers from ophthalmia, which draws the light out of his fiery orbs, and sends him stumbling against every stick of the forest. Under those conditions he grows lean or flabby, turns coward, and neglecting the chase of worthier prey, takes to hiding in the neighbourhood of the villages, and pouncing upon women, children, and goats. He rarely attacks a man when thus weakened and demoralized; if he does, the encounter is most frequently to his disadvantage. As age and infirmities accumulate, our poor brute loses his teeth, which decay at the stump, and soon shed themselves. Then, mumbling in his rage, aggravated by the pangs of hunger, he hunts up mice and other small rodents; or, if hard pushed, will eat grass. At last, he becomes so contemptible an enemy, that the women and boys turn out and kill him with stones, generally under some tree which affords an asylum to the wretchedness of his declining days. Even in the fulness of her strength and ferocity, the lioness has been known to devour her cubs rather than satisfy her appetite with spoils guarded by men and firearms. The African male, in the heyday of his powers, is a coward and a poltroon. Encountered in the broad daylight, he will look at you, advance a few paces, look back once more, and then bound off into the nearest covert. It is at night, when the moon, which shines with intense brightness in those wild regions, is high, that he will attack the farms and attempt to carry off sheep or oxen. The very appearance of a trap brings him to a stand. He will stalk round a pit in which a goat is confined for days, without plucking up courage to molest the animal; his suspicions of foul play mastering his craving for animal

food. Often when he attacks a buffalo, the cow will rush on the assailant and kill him with a toss of her horns. He seldom attacks the full-grown bull alone, preferring to form a league with two or more of his brethren, which despatch the beast, and then divide the carcass between them. The spring is oftenest made at the throat or flank, and having fastened there, the tremendous muscular force of his jaws and shoulders are employed in crushing and disabling his victim. Having fed to repletion, he will fall asleep, and then becomes an easy prey to the hunter. The terror which his roar inspires in man and the other animals has been much exaggerated; for the latest and keenest observer tells us that when heard at night, under cover of a roof, even children can afford to laugh at it. But at night, when the African skies are blinded by the pitchy cumuli of a thunderstorm, when deep roars to deep, and the whole forest is illuminated by prolonged lightnings, through which a tropical rain hisses and plunges, the lion's roar is the most terrific and unearthly of sounds. Between lucid glimpses of darkness and uproar, the traveller catches for a moment the tawny erect mane and fire-reddened eyes of the beast, as he crouches preparing for attack, whilst the confusion is increased by the bellowing of buffaloes and the horrible cry of the ostrich. Such a position, on such a night, is something short of enviable. Our buffalo, though a cumbrously-made beast, is capable of extraordinary swiftness, and his charge, to which he must be provoked, is like a rush of cavalry. In the day-time he selects the densest parts of the forest, never venturing into the open plains until long after sunset. The natives always attack him in front, and as he comes thundering down on his enemies, they take refuge behind trees, and stab him with long knives as he passes. Our hippopotamus is a shy creature, which flies the presence of man, and indulges all day long in the snug mud-baths of the great rivers. He is constitutionally herbivorous; but that does not prevent him seizing a leg or arm, when he can, and crunching it between the ponderous teeth set in his jaws after the manner of an irregular chevaux-de-frise. When old and bilious, he becomes peculiarly pugnacious, and manifests a curious appetite for the bottoms of canoes, bits of driftwood and lumber; and he has been known to chase a party of travellers upwards of a mile. When he comes to feed on land in the rainy season, he is sure to lose scent of the river, and roll helplessly on the grass. The hunter takes advantage of his bewilderment by beating him to death with stout sticks shod with iron. Coming down the river, you may hear the hippopotamus snorting at a considerable distance. Every few minutes the brown male and yellow female heads are lifted above the surface of the water in the act of respiration, the calves standing erect on the shoulders of the mother. The report of a gun, even the dash of an oar, will spread consternation amongst the whole herd. Our greatest coward is the hyæna. To protect ourselves from his rascally meanness, we build large huts on the tops of stout poles; for the sneak never approaches man unless he sleeps, when the beast inflicts an ugly gash on the face, and then scampers into the cover, with a roar of diabolic laughter. A lip or nose are the brute's favourite tit-bits; his gripe is

more tenacious than the bull-dog's; he will carry away a helpless infant if no danger is to be apprehended; and the fragments of a forest meal are devoured by him, the hugest bones melting, as it were, between his jaws, directly the party has retired. Against this vile carrion-gorger, we put the wing-footed, exquisitely-marked zebra, and the lovely Tianyane antelope. The former is not unfamiliar enough to need description; the latter is about a foot and a half high, and richly spotted with citrol and white. She is extremely fond of her fawn, which she induces to lie down by pressing her foot against its withers; and which she summons to her side by an intensely pathetic bleating. A low species of ruffian inhabits the reedy banks of our rivers. This is the alligator, of which so many marvellous stories have been told from the days of Pliny to our own. The beast lays about sixty eggs in the season, each of the size of a goose-egg, but perfectly spherical. The female hides them in a deposit of soft mud; and when the young appear, she assists them in cracking the elastic shell of the ovum. Once at liberty, their instinct leads them to the water, where they fish all night long with their broad scaly tails. They are queer-looking creatures in their infancy; are about a foot long, with orange-coloured eyes, and marked all over the body with a plaid pattern of pale green and brown. The adults will pursue a dog or man, and bite malignantly if pierced with a spear. Amongst some tribes, a man wounded by an alligator, is instantly expelled his family; in others the mere fact of being splashed with water by the beast's tail, is followed by loss of caste. The men, when they see an alligator, spit on the ground, exclaiming, "There is sin." The mere sight of the reptile is supposed to inflame the eyes; on all sides the antipathy to him is unconquerable. Perhaps the biggest and most hopeless fool amongst us is the ostrich. Than the full-grown cock, jet black from tail to beak, save the one white plume of commerce, standing upright in a field of wild melons, a nobler animal it would be hard to picture. In his diet he is anything but an epicure, swallowing pods and pebbles, fat leaves and grit, with equal relish. His immense height enables him to see great distances, the vigilant eyes being fixed in his head like a telescope in an observatory. Notwithstanding this advantage, he is sure, when pursued, to throw himself, by an impulse of the blindest desperation, into the toils of the hunter, occasionally turning on the dogs, and pensioning them off for life with a blow from his huge foot. The lion will surprise him now and then, when feeding, and the battle for life is quickly terminated. In full chase, the ostrich takes a stride of nearly fourteen feet, the movements of his gaunt legs resembling "the spokes of a carriage wheel in rapid motion." At this pace he will cover about thirty miles an hour, or about forty-two feet in a second. The lady deposits her eggs in a hole scraped in the sand, often laying as many as fifty in the season. The Bushmen remove them with a stick, and the unconscious mother goes on laying as if nothing had happened. The egg itself has a disagreeable taste not easily overcome; one which was kept suspended in a room for three months, was taken down and found to have partially developed a live chicken.

In the summer time, when the bee-eater sits at the mouth of his hole like

a detached gem from a string of jewels, when the beautiful water sponges wind their fairy forms around the reeds, and the flora of the river lights into blossom from shore to shore, the speckled kingfisher, followed by a gorgeous blue and orange kingfisher, may be seen darting along the green-sanded shallows in pursuit of fish. It is a beautiful bird, and so strongly attached to its haunts that it will not quit them even in the most rigorous winters. When the Zambesi rises there come down with the swollen floods, the *Ibis religiosa*, the shell-devouring linngolo, grey curlews, and majestic herons, whilst the air for miles around is darkened by cohorts of white pelicans, whose long lines waver and glimmer like the fringes of a rain cloud. In the thick foliage of the banks, we have the redbeak, keen-eyed, fiery-plumed, and the scissor-beak, white-breasted, black-backed, swinging on a spray of cedar, like a fluffy valetudinarian. Both those birds make the low river shores their habitat. If a crow or marabou attack their nest, the brave little women will do battle for their young; but when dealing with man, they drop the left wing and limp with the left leg, affecting lameness, until the intruder is seduced away. They live almost exclusively on insects, their bills being formed to scoop the water as they fly over it. Then we have the avoset, a pretty wader, with upturned bill, by which it is enabled to catch its prey whilst its head is under water; the *para Africana*, which walks miles of river surface, stepping on the broad leaves of the lotus plant, white spoon-bills, glorious flamingoes, whose wings set the air ablaze, the azure-coloured demoiselle, and myriad varieties of long-legged cranes. Far inland the swift swarms in thousands over the dense forest tracts; flocks of pigeons, red-beaked and emerald-winged, rise up from the trees at the slightest warning of danger. In the twilight, as we sail under the river canopies of verdurous gloom, a bird voice, like the faint vibration of a harp, tingles through the silence. This is the note of the scarlet-breasted trogon, whose music, to which our boatmen respond with the pathetic words, *nama, nama*, is prophetic of a happy voyage. Up in Katema we have the woods alive with the songs of a wild canary known as the "cabaso." Our people catch and tame it in pretty cages made of delicately-formed reeds or osiers. With it there is always found a fine pigeon, whose puffed breast flames like an orange lily. On the shore of the Kuruman the voyager often finds myriads of black larks sporting in the lawns, and the centropus, an unwieldy bird, whose tail feathers make head plumes for our chiefs. There, too, is seen the lehutectec, strikingly resembling the Abyssinian hornbill, which seizes serpents by the back of the head and strangles them. In the forests of the Bushukulompos, where the lichen and orchilla hang like draperies from the trunks of the mamosho tree, one hears the cry of the bird called "*Mokua reza*," or Son-in-law of God, which is supposed to call for rain when the charm of the crow seals up the windows of Heaven. Some think it is identical with the European cuckoo, as it never builds a nest, preferring to take forcible possession of the one next to hand. The buffalo is accompanied, in all his expeditions, by a small bird, which not only destroys the insects that infests the beast's skin, but by

rising from his back on the approach of danger, gives him time for flight. The bird kala, it is known, discharges a like function for the rhinoceros, and would seem to have a strong attachment for the ugly monster, which he alarms by a sharp cry. In the morning the kala may be heard piping for his friend to rejoin him; in the mid-day he may be seen hanging by his claws to the beast's ear, whilst his bill is usefully employed within it. The birds in Londa are free from the reproach of silence, which may be fairly levelled at most of the feathered denizens of the tropics. Amongst them the European lark and thrush have no unpretending representatives, nor are the finch and robin without their "correspondings." One of our birds continually keeps up a melodious recitation of "peek-pak-pok;" another utters a single tone which resembles the sound of a violin string, touched by a lady's finger; from dawn till sunset, the francolin cries, "pumpuru, pumpuru;" the honey-guide, "chikin, chik, churr, churr-r-ra;" then comes the mocking bird, which delights in mimicking the voices of the African women, as they chatter aloud in the villages. In the cool mornings there is something delightfully grotesque in the odd combinations of their voices. They are instinct with the free cheerfulness of nature, and seem to issue, not from the throats, but the hearts of the singers. In noonday our birds are silent; but, with dewfall and the evening, they are renewed until the latest star shines high in the twilight.

Our Menagerie, the admission is unfortunate, but it must come, is cursed with a collection of the rascaliest serpents that ever rattled jaws or spat venom. Our coilers live chiefly on a description of small mice, which employ themselves continually in building petty sarcophagi and erecting haystacks. You cannot advance a dozen paces in some parts of the country without sinking into a pit-fall, or being tripped up by a cock of provender. Serpents find their way into houses through chinks and crannies that would scarcely admit a latchkey, through slits of window sashes, and perforations of ventilating plates; under thresholds and between jambs and lintels. They seize you by the leg as you sit down to your roasted maize and ground nuts; if you shout, their nostrils expel an odour to which all the abominations of Cologne are as rose-water or frankincense; they coil and twist around each other like the wreathed snakes on the druid's baton; their bite is death; and they inspire that loathing which makes a nervous man fear to look around in the night-time, lest he should encounter their green, diabolic eyes, in every nook and hole of the apartment. The picu kholu will distil poison from his fangs hours after death. When he bites, death is an immediate consequence, and his entrance into a cattle-pen is equivalent to a death-warrant for the whole herd. He has the credit of expelling poison, always choosing the direction of the wind, into the eyes of travellers; in a word, he is the lowest, the filthiest, and the most abhorred of creeping reptiles. Puff adder, viper, and cobra, are also in our collection. If annoyed, they raise the head, project and withdraw the forked tongue with the rapidity of the needle in the latest sewing-machine; and whilst this is going, the fiendish eyes, glazed with viscous

secretions, gloat upon the enemy. Our Noga-Putsane seduces you into his cancerous embraces, by uttering a plaintive cry, like the bleat of a kid. Our *bucephalus capensis* is a bird eater of the daintiest palate and most refined appetite. He catches his prey (and the fact is well attested, however it may seem to square with exploded notions) by fascination. Having climbed a tree, he will twist his trunk around a branch, erect his neck, inflate his throat, and glare at the birds. He is no sooner seen by the latter, than they commence to cry, and fly around the monster in rapidly-decreasing circles, which finally bring them within range of his mouth. Inexplicable as this process may seem, we are fully justified in stating, that not only do serpents, but even quadrupeds possess the power of fascination. Antelopes suddenly encountering a crocodile, become so bewildered by his terrible eyes and uncouth movements, as to be deprived of all power of volition. There are several varieties of toads which cannot resist the attraction of fire, and voluntarily dash themselves into the midst of live coals, whilst serpents flee them in agony, and in that condition inflict the most desperate wounds on their tormentors. Our people eagerly eat the flesh of some snakes, for instance the palah, python, and metse, which are innocuous. The full-grown of these species is as thick as a man's thigh, and measures from ten to twelve feet in length.

Nor are the serpents our only pests. Witness the large caterpillar *lexun-tabuca*, the rich black body of which is covered over with hairs like the quills of the porcupine. Touch the beast, and directly he drives the sharp points through the cuticle of your palm, thereby inflicting an ugly wound. From his ashes there rises a butterfly, meanly-coloured and ghastly-headed. The land swarms with spiders of all hues, shapes, and purposes. One limber fellow stings like an Irish wasp, another, jet black and studded with elastic hairs, carries a poison-bag at the end of his front claws, the injection of which is said to prove fatal. A cayenne-toned spider, about the size of a florin, runs about with the swiftness of a swallow, devouring almost everything that comes in his way. His appearance is horrible in the extreme; and few can behold him without feeling an unconquerable disgust. Notwithstanding his ugliness the creature builds a house which he lines with a texture smoother and finer than the best silk; he hangs his door on a mechanical hinge, and disguises the whole with such ingenuity, that it almost defies detection. Our yellow-spotted spider weaves an exquisite lace web, about a yard in diameter, which he hangs vertically between the outstretching boughs of two trees. His nest is in the focus of the radii, and thence he darts out and secures the gnats and flies entangled in his toils. We have another spider of gregarious habits, which envelopes whole trees and hedges in a thick web; and lastly a brown, full-bodied fellow, who sits all day upon a piece of web carpet, attached to a wall. How or when the latter feeds has puzzled the most patient observers. Our hornet hangs his nest after the manner of the wasp from a projecting branch or even from an eave course. If one chance to pass within twenty yards of his nest, the brute sallies out and inflicts a sting, the power of which has been likened to a discharge of electricity. The ants are a curious

community, and should not be passed over, in consequence of their apparent insignificance. They are fearfully decimated by a species of stout ant-lion, which buries its head in the ground, and attracts the ants by a curious movement into the forceps placed at its caudal extremity. This insect closely resembles the dragon-fly, with which most of us are familiar. The ant frequently builds a hill thirty feet high, and so broad at the base, that trees take root in its foundations. The little workman is supposed to fertilise the ground he manipulates, for the sides of the hills bear the sweetest and heaviest maize. As the plains are often flooded, he provides for that emergency by building tiny cells of glutinous earth on those river grasses which are invariably above high water, and into which he retires in the season of inundation. The red ant is carnivorous, and will travel any distance in quest of flesh. Sometimes this species may be seen marching in large armies across the plains; and woe to the unlucky wayfarer who happens to interrupt them. In a moment they scramble inside his clothing, and pepper him with bites. They will attack an ox as readily as a mouse, and seldom wait to be put on the defensive. If they enter a house they clear it of all vermin excepting themselves. It is asserted that before setting out on an expedition against the enemy, they erect a covered causeway over the line of march, in order to screen themselves from the heat of the sun. The black soldier ants are possessed of the fiercest and most determined pugnacity. They march to battle four abreast, following the course marked out by their leaders, whom they track by the scent. They will not cross a damp place, nor climb an obstacle an inch high, choosing to march round either, however long the detour. Their enemies are the white ants, into whose dominions they make repeated incursions. The poor whites endeavour to escape, but the blacks seize them in their mandibles, and render them insensible for a time, by stinging them in the sensitive parts of the body. In this state of coma they are carried into captivity by the black *canaille*. It was supposed for a long time that the white ants, on recovering from the stupefaction, were kept in bondage as slaves of the black; but it is now ascertained that the latter eats his victim alive, for the blacks may be seen returning from war bearing on their shoulders captives of whom a head or leg has been partially devoured. One word for our toad. We have one hideous fellow, jet black, dotted with spots of vermillion, which can spring from grass-spear to grass-spear, with the agility and precision of a fly. Of all our insects the Tsetse is, perhaps, the worst, certainly the most destructive. This little wretch, no bigger than our ordinary fly, has a brown body, diversified across the back with three or four bars of yellow. Ours is a wonderful Menagerie. Life swarms and multiplies around us in every globule of air, in every crumb of earth; unerring wisdom, unimpeachable skill, inexhaustible invention are displayed in all. We may not be able to fathom the special purpose for which the crocodile was fashioned, or guess at the intention with which the tsetse is made; but of this we may be sure, that nothing is lost—that every organism, however beautiful and loathsome, has its place and application.

## BEHIND THE COULISSE.

My friend Arthur Butler, a fellow of infinite jest, of easy circumstances, and blessed with an exceedingly irritable temper, might have been seen walking down Sackville-street about noon, on the Michaelmas-day of 1858. And further, he might have been noticed to stop a young gentleman about his own age, whose hand he shook warmly, that young gentleman being no less a personage than the writer of the present paper.

"Hillo, Charley!" exclaimed Butler, "I am delighted to see you, old boy. I only arrived yesterday from London, and I have asked a few fellows to dine with me to-day at five; you must join us. No excuse."

I intimated that I had no idea whatever of excusing myself, for I was delighted to have a friend to spend the evening with, as I felt rather lonely in being separated on that festive occasion from the family circle at home.

"Oh! we'll be very jolly, I promise you," said Butler. "I have a goose for dinner as big as an ass, and a garden full of potatoes."

I promised to go; and I did go, and a very jolly party it was; and there originated the idea of organizing an amateur Dramatic Society, which was afterwards carried into effect.

Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals," and the farce of the "Critic," were the pieces selected for representation. The selection of parties for the different parts produced a warm display of youthful egotism. Every one present, except Butler, aspired to be "Captain Absolute." It was proposed, by our host to draw lots for the part; but this course was strongly objected to, on grounds the most unconvincing. Sophthead suggested that the parts should be auctioned; and in an evil hour this suggestion was approved by the company. Butler was appointed auctioneer. He mounted a chair in the business-like manner of "Careless" in the "School for Scandal," and using a spoon for a hammer, knocked down the various parts to the various bidders. "Captain Absolute" was purchased by Sophthead for £6 10s., at which I was so naturally indignant, that I refused to play at all; and to this virtuous resolution I remained heroically firm. "Sir Anthony Absolute" was knocked down to John O'Connor at the low charge of £2 5s.—and William Clements bought "Sir Lucius O'Trigger" for £3. "Bob Acres" did not find a single bidder. So cavalierly, indeed, was the chivalrous little gentleman treated by the guests, that the host in very charity was fain to take poor "Bob" under his own protection. The principal male parts having been thus disposed of, it was resolved that "professionals" should be employed to undertake the parts of the ladies. The business of the night having thus concluded, Sophthead was sarcastically complimented on having become the happy purchaser of the gallant hero. Having agreed to meet next evening for the furtherance of our grand object, we noiselessly separated for the night.

During the ensuing week, I, having undertaken the duties of hon. sec., addressed and dispatched printed circulars to every person I could think

of, and of whom my friends could think also. A few days subsequently I summoned a meeting for an early day, to carry into effect the objects we had in view. On the day appointed, a numerous meeting was held, at which, after much wrangling about the amount of subscription, the number of performances to be given, and the places at which they were to be given, the meeting separated full of its vast importance. The next thing to be done was to collect in the subscriptions. This I found the most tedious and heartrending of tasks. Many members paid down their subscriptions immediately on application, whilst, to do them justice, a great many more postponed payment for a considerable period. However, the first fortnight brought in something like sixty pounds, and this, together with what was owing, which we calculated on collecting shortly, would, we thought, enable us to give four performances during the ensuing year.

To describe the numerous rehearsals would occupy a sum of time and space almost incalculable. Throwing overboard scene-painters, flute-players, stage-managers, etc., I will hurry on to our grand rehearsal, which took place on the night previous to our first (and last) grand performance. The grand room of the Kaledoscopic Forum had been very beautifully fitted up, and decorated under my able directions.

Half-past eight the lady and gentlemen performers on the stage. Bell rings; scene set, the performers commence the rehearsal. I stand in the body of the hall to watch the effect.

"Pull up that cloud!" I cry, as a fly-scene drops. No attention.

"Why don't you pull up that cloud?" I repeat in a loud voice. "Is the gas light to be seen above the sky?"

At length my order is attended to, and the rehearsal proceeds. During the rehearsal, I remark that the gentlemen amateurs speak their different speeches with exhausting energy and oratorical display, at the same time that the lady professionals speak theirs with wondrous rapidity, only raising their voices as they approach the conclusion, and lay particular stress upon the last words. First scene got through with an apparent confusion such as amateur rehearsals alone can inspire. Several other scenes follow, with confusion more complicated and incomprehensible.

"Why in the name of all that's wonderful," I exclaim, "do you let a garden drop. Pull it up, and let down the drawing-room." And they mistake.

"You hopeless numbskulls," I cry, losing all patience, "you have lowered Bob Acres' chambers. Would it be proper for Lydia Languish to be sitting there?"

Up goes Bob Acres' chamber, and down comes Lydia Languish's boudoir. "Now go on with the rehearsal."

Sophthead, stopping in the middle of one of his impressive harangues, steps forward to the foot-lights and addresses me—

"I say Fielding, you know, what the deuce am I to do for a wig, you know?"

"Cannot Captain Absolute do without one?" I enquire.

"No," replied Bob Acres: "His head would be out of proportion; and

heaven knows there is no part of his person so absolutely in want of padding as that."

"Well, I must see to it," I answer. "Go on with the rehearsal, and don't detain the ladies longer than necessary; it is a quarter to eleven now."

Notwithstanding this intimation, it was more than half-past eleven before the rehearsal of the "Rivals" concluded, and it was agreed that we should meet next day to rehearse the second piece. I will not inflict upon my readers the rehearsal of "The Critic," in which "Puff" was dreadfully solemn, and "Whiskerandos" excessively dismal, but pass on immediately to the long-expected performance.

When the guests, or invited full-dress audience were assembled, our theatre presented a very brilliant appearance. Our stewards, with long white staves,—carried for what purpose I know not—and wearing blue ribands in the button-holes of their swallow-tail coats, pipe-clayed kids upon the hands, and otherwise dressed in their little brief authority, played fantastic tricks of courtesy in showing the ladies to their seats, which the fair creatures could have discovered quite as easily with the assistance of their natural protectors, by whom they were accompanied. The gas was blazing in its fullest force; the members of the orchestra were tuning their instruments; the low ceaseless hum of pleasant voices filled the hall; smiling faces, lovely to behold, were seen everywhere; the odour of the rose and of the musk, slightly tintured with the fume of gas, hung upon the air; and the entire place presented an aspect of harmony and of cheerfulness, which to witness is to admire. As I gazed upon the pleasant scene, I felt the importance of my position, not that of one of those who, when that curtain rose, were about to present themselves in grotesque costume, and provoke the laughter of the assemblage. No, no, I was the master of the ceremonies—the great man wrapped in mysterious silence—the Louis Napoleon of the Society. Not more than half-an-hour after the time announced did the curtain rise. Now this is an instance of wonderful punctuality on the part of amateur performers, who generally keep their orchestra playing the same airs over and over again, until fiddle-strings begin to crack, and flutes and other wind instruments grow husky, and the drummer begins to produce eccentric noises on the triangle and the drum.

This delay is most generally caused by the lengthened and elaborate toilette of amateur performers. On the occasion of which I write, every acting member insisted on wearing a black moustache, which was immediately attached to the upper lip by the artist in attendance, and upon having his eye-brows darkened, and face rouged—offices that were also performed with extraordinary tact and judgment by the same complaisant artist. The dressing-room, upon these occasions, presents a strange picture of hurry and confusion. Here is a young gentleman who plays several parts the same night. Mark how carefully he draws on those exquisite pink silk stockings; and see how he admires the legs, which, with the assistance of a modest amount of old flannel artistically bound around the calves, they fit so perfectly. Now watch how he draws over them a pair of coarse yellow

cotton stockings to be worn in the first character he plays. Then go on the snow-white shirt-ruffs—over those the richly embroidered vest, which in turn is covered by the huge slate-coloured waistcoat with enormous pocket-flaps (beneath which no pockets exist by the way); the entire being enveloped in a bottle-green coat, which appears to fit the wearer like a sentry-box, for he seems never to touch it except when he purposely or accidentally leans against it. In another corner of the chamber we find two amateur dramatics disputing about the possession of a pair of white satin “trunks”—a leg of which each disputant holds. After many convincing but seemingly inconclusive arguments on both sides, the gentlemen “toss” for the possession of the disputed property. The winner smiles grimly, as he speedily gets into his winnings; whilst the loser strides about the room in a dangerous frame of mind, begging the loan of a fashionable nether garment. It may be that he has to content himself with a pair of dingy doe-skin pantaloons, which accord but ill, with the extreme finery of his other articles of dress. In various parts of the room, groups are collected; some scrutinizing their “make up” in small mirrors, others “taking in” or “letting out” those garments which did exactly suit their figures. Several non-acting members lounged against the walls, some making pencil-sketches thereon, after the models of the very old masters, as old indeed, that the originals are supposed to be lost, so that nobody can dispute the genuineness of the copies, some making valuable but unappreciated suggestions as to improvements in the costume, etc., whilst the majority occupied their “time in discussing the half-dozen wine which had been provided for the ladies. I have spent so much time upon this portion of my sketch that I feel it due to my readers to explain my reason for so doing. It is briefly done. Be it known to all whom it may concern that, in nine cases out of ten, amateur dramatics expend far more time and anxiety upon their dresses than upon the study of their parts. Of course, in this, as in every other rule, there are numerous exceptions; but, as in every other case, “the exception proves the rule.”

To return to the grand performance. As already stated, the curtain rose in not more than half an hour after the time announced in the programme. The two flunkies who entered upon the scene were received with some applause and much merriment. The former exhibition of public feeling, the artists acknowledged by placing their hands upon their hearts, and bowing until the huge waistcoats doubled up above the pocket flaps. These motions which betrayed more of feeling than dignity, added much to the merriment of the audience; and the artists were permitted to exit (wrong side of course) amidst very general symptoms of enjoyment on the part of the spectators.

To enter into a close criticism of the performance would be a work of Herculean labour. I will, therefore, only refer to its leading features. The first act, according to the rendering of the amateur-dramatics, was the most powerful opiate, in the shape of amusement, that it was ever the fate of any mortal man to swallow. What the gentlemen performers were talking about I now and then gleaned from the prompter. The perform-

ance, upon the whole, might very appropriately have been designated a Prompter's Reading, and it reminded me forcibly of the show-boxes which delighted my infant years, wherein several puppets were made to move about, and hold animated conversations through the mouth of the fluent showman. Whenever four or five of the gentlemen appeared on the stage at the same time, it was absolutely painful to witness their iniquitude. Some thrust their hands into the bosom of their shirts; others took off their hats and bowed several times to each other with excruciating politeness; whilst all, as if by common consent, crossed and recrossed each other like bears in a cage. In fine, the act-drop fell upon the first act to the evident relief of the numerous guests. The second act was, in some sort, an improvement on the first, inasmuch as it brought upon the stage the gallant little "Bob Acres." "Bob" appeared in a scarlet coat of ample dimensions, the tail of which almost swept the boards. He wore a hunting-cap, which became him much better in his hand than it did upon his head. As to his top-boots, poor Bob had evidently not been present when his measure was taken for them, for his feet, as was subsequently seen, could by no possibility have extended farther than from the heel to the instep. It was totally out of the power of all observers to say whether Bob wore continuations or no, as the flap of his waistcoat completely covered the top of his boots. He carried a whip under his arm, which, had it been fairly measured with himself, would probably have been found to be the taller of the two. On presenting himself in the second scene, Bob was dressed with much taste and elegance; and in violation of the character which he assumed, looked the gentleman far more than those with whom he was playing, and whose great object it was to make up for that most difficult rôle. The only genuine piece of acting (that of the ladies always excepted) which occurred in the progress of the piece, was executed by poor Bob—an artistic effect, by the way, which the great author of the "Rivals" never dreamt of producing. In that scene where "Bob Acres" awaits a visit from his amiable friend Sir Lucius O'Trigger, the former was seated at a table. "Bob" gave the "cue" for the entrance of "Sir Lucius;" but no Sir Lucius appeared. For a moment there was a pause. I guessed it was a "stick," for I had attended all the rehearsals, and knew by heart where all the entrances and exits should occur. I trembled for the reputation of the society; and trembled still more violently when I saw Bob throw a frowning look at the prompt entrance, and instantly rise with perfect composure from his seat. Still no Sir Lucius. Bob, drawing a lace handkerchief from his pocket, walked leisurely down almost to the footlights. To my unutterable horror he addressed himself to the audience, in what appeared to be an able and well-studied discourse upon the character of his friend "Sir Lucius O'Trigger. I waited only to hear the first few sentences, and then rushed frantically "behind" in search of the delinquent, whom I found contentedly enjoying a solitary bottle of Bass in the refreshment room.

"By the Ghost of Hamlet's Father! you have destroyed us," I exclaimed,

"What is the matter?" enquired Sir Lucius.

"Matter!" I replied indignantly. "Why, you have kept the stage waiting for the last five minutes. Make haste, make haste!"

Hurrying him away, we rushed upon the stage. Bob was still speaking when we arrived, and evidently with some effect, as was evinced by the applause of the audience. In the middle of one of Bob's sentences Sir Lucius appeared upon the stage, entering with very undignified haste, through what the spectators were supposed to regard as the side wall of Bob's apartment. When Bob made his exit he was highly complimented by the ladies, who stood in the wing. "Mrs. Malaprop" said that during the entire period of her connection with the stage, which extended over twenty years, she has never witnessed any more striking instance of presence of mind, even amongst the best professionals. The only incident worthy of remark occurred in the duel scene, when that sky and cloud, which, from the beginning I had looked upon with grave suspicion, fell from its place in the heavens to the stage, and enveloped "Bob Acres" and "Captain Absolute" in its dusty folds, to the general joy of the assembled guests. The comedy then hastily terminated midst peals of laughter, such as we should have preferred to elicit on terms more complimentary to our abilities as comedians. "The Critic," which commenced at a quarter past eleven, found the theatre more than two-thirds empty. Fearing that my readers in a like ratio would throw aside my paper should I enter into a description of the execution by amateurs of the greatest farce ever written, I will allow the curtain here to fall upon the night's proceedings.

I now approach the last scene in this strange, eventful history, with feelings of mingled sorrow and exultation; sorrow that so promising a society, of which I was the very head and front, should have been shipwrecked by a stormy debate; and exultation in finding that the cause of dissolution probably originated in my not having been selected to play the romantic heroes. A week after the grand performance, I summoned a grand meeting, (every thing we did was on a grand scale,) to look into the accounts of the society, which, I grieve to say, were in no very flourishing state. On the evening appointed about twenty members attended, to whom I rendered up an account of the funds in hands, which amounted to the sum of £7 16s. 3d., the first representation having cost us something over £50! I was impertinently censured for having expended six pounds on printing and thirty shillings on car-hire; and I inwardly vowed that I would next morning resign my unprofitable office of secretary and treasurer for evermore.

On the conclusion of the fiscal statement, the chairman said—

"If any gentleman present has a motion to move, now is the time to move it."

After a good deal of whispering on the other side of the table, Sopht-head rose and said—

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—ahem—I move that, as our performance the other night—ahem—went off with such *éclat*, you know, why we should have another on the first of next month. And next, I move that

the play to be played, you know, is the 'Lady of Lyons,' and that the parts, as before, be set up for auction."

"In order that you may purchase 'Claude Melnotte,'" put in Butler, who sat beside me.

"That is my business, Mr. Butler," said Sophthead, with becoming dignity.

"Doubtless," retorted Butler. "But I conceive it to be the interest as well as the business of every member of this society to prevent such a disaster."

"Is your motion made, Mr. Sophthead?" asked the Chairman.

"It is," answered Sophthead.

"Does any body second it?" inquired the Chairman.

After a silence of a minute or so, Butler rose.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I feel that it was through mere formality that you inquired whether any one seconded Mr. Sophthead's motion, or rather batch of motions. An eloquent silence was our response. How should it be otherwise? Here we find the funds of the society in such a state that they would scarcely afford to pay the rent of the room in which our performance should be held, and yet we find a gentleman making the absurd proposal, that we should give another performance before a month elapses! With the second count in Mr. Sophthead's motion, that the 'Lady of Lyons' should be the play selected for the occasion, I have no fault to find, except that I think the premature nature of the proposal lays the mover open to rather indecent suspicions, when we find it followed by a third proposal, that the parts be auctioned, and knocked down to the highest bidders. This plan was adopted on one occasion, and with what result? Why, in my mind, the result was, (chiefly owing to the sale of the parts,) an utter failure. I forbear from uttering any opinion upon any individual who performed on that occasion; but I must say that, as far as I can judge, the performers and their parts were, for the most part, strongly antagonistic. I object, upon these grounds, to Mr. Sophthead's motions being adopted."

Sophthead here arose, his narrow brow clothed with thunder—

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I have listened to the stupid remarks, you know, which have just been made by Mr. Butler. I'd have Mr. Butler to know that I look higher than he, you know."

Butler started up, as if he had been stung—

"And I'd have Mr. Sophthead to know," he cried, "that there are those in this world whose bodies seem to expand in proportion as their minds contract; who grow formidable in brute proportions, whilst they remain dwarfs in intellect. If Mr. Sophthead means to look higher than me—that he is taller, I freely admit that he is in the right. But if he seeks to infer that his blood is purer than mine, I beg to refer him to the *Heralds' College* for the rank and standing of my ancestors, whereas it is within the range of probability that the '*Newgate Calender*' could furnish me with the most authentic information respecting his."

"Order, order," from several members.

"I have a right to speak, you know," said Sophthead, who had been standing all this time. "It strikes me very forcibly that Mr. Butler is trying to put a wedge in the society."

"To follow Mr. Sophthead's allegorical style of address," retorted Mr. Butler, "I can only say that the man who expresses such an opinion as that must be screwed."

"Sir, I am becoming dangerous, you know," Sophthead roared, directly addressing Butler; "and I'd have you remember that you will find the roaring lion in me as well as the sheep or the lamb."

"Your observations," replied Butler, with a bitter sneer, "induce me to regard you more in the light of a calf or an ass."

The Rubicon was passed. Sophthead's face grew actually black with concentrated rage. He made a desperate blow across the table at Butler, which I was fortunate enough to parry.

Another instant and Butler sent an inkstand at Sophthead's head, the contents of which formed various caricatures upon his face and shirt. In the *mêlée* which followed I was thoroughly disgusted at receiving a blow on the nose from some sacrilegious fist. In a few minutes the din became so frightful that the landlord of the hotel whose room we had hired, appeared at the door, supported by half-a-dozen sturdy waiters, who, notwithstanding all my protestations and attempts at explanation, and the resistance of others, thrust us indiscriminately into the street.

So was blighted a society which in the bud gave every promise of blossoming into perpetual bloom.